THE MANDATE: A COALITION CABINET

ANC November 15, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER

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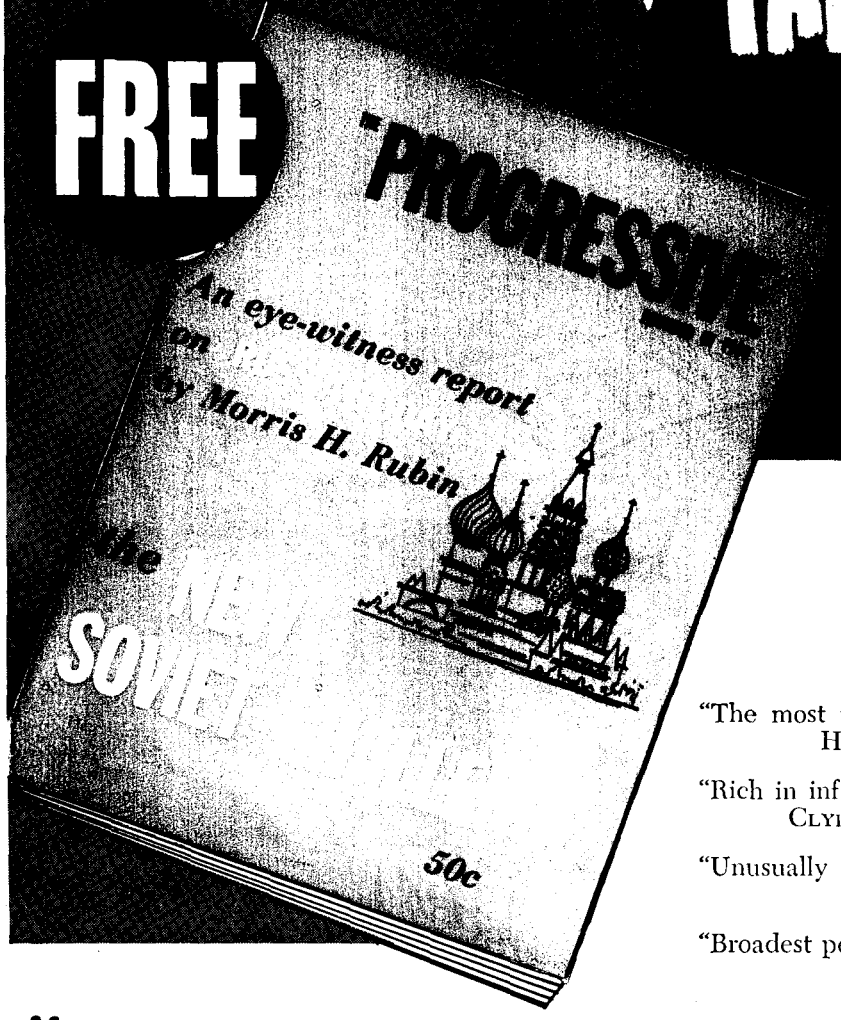

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Opportunistic Moralism

A comparative study in timing provides an insight into the nature of Asian noncommittalism. The British-French intervention in Egypt—not to argue its merits here—drew instant denunciation from New Delhi and a formal protest to London and Paris. But the Soviet onslaught on Hungary, a rather more obvious exercise in savage colonialism, was evidently not the sort of thing on which a statesman of lofty spirit, such as Prime Minister Nehru, passes hasty judgment.

The Hungarian rebellion started in late October. By the end of the month Russian tanks were pounding Budapest and mowing down its people. On November 1 the Hungarian government notified the United Nations of its demand on Moscow to get Soviet troops out of the country. On the second it was pleading with the Security Council to help launch negotiations to that end. By the fourth, at the height of the rebellion, the U.N. General Assembly called on the Soviet government to desist and withdraw its forces. India abstained. No instructions, its representative explained, had come from New Delhi. The *Times of India* remarked with an air of puzzlement, "Official reactions to developments in Hungary are, strangely enough, not forthcoming." And V. K. Krishna Menon, that waspish champion of international righteousness, had no comment for reporters inquiring as to his views on the massacre.

In short, it was not until November 5 that Nehru broke his silence, and then he carefully linked the Soviet's dark deed with the British-French attack on Suez. Without even mentioning the Soviet Union by name, he ruefully noted that the five principles pledging noninterference in another nation's affairs and signed by Russia, among others, were "mere words without meaning to some countries who claim the right of deciding problems by superior might." On the same occasion his Education Minister denounced Britain and France but mentioned the U.S.S.R. only to praise its new policy of "liberalization."

EVEN more restrained and dispassionate was the reaction of the Indonesian government, which had swiftly called an emergency meeting of its Parliament to condemn the "aggression against Egypt" but as late as November 5 was unable to take a position on Hungary because reports from Budapest were still "too vague." On the ninth a carefully worded statement came from Jakarta expressing "regrets" over the "involvement" of Soviet troops in Hungary. Ceylon and Burma, like India, abstained in the U.N. General Assembly, though the Ceylonese Prime Minister later condemned the Soviet action.

All in all, it has been a bad time for those Americans who are addicted to swooning over the spiritual superiority of the holier-than-thou prophet-statesmen from the mysterious East.

Summing Up Defeat

The President rode to triumph at the head of the wrong army. Probably under the impact of the sudden crisis in the Middle East, Poland, and Hungary, the Atlantic seaboard broke to Ike much more sharply than the rest of the country, the stampede diminishing by degrees from east to west. James A. Finnegan, Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager, estimated that during the last two weeks of the campaign four to seven per cent of the voters switched to Ike. But clearly a last-minute switch of even seven per cent could not account for the Eisenhower victory.

Among the other factors working for Eisenhower, not the least was the determination of Negro voters everywhere to register a protest. As one colored leader informed us, thousands of Negroes were out to tell the Democratic Party that they resented its weak plank on civil rights; that they had no stomach for a campaign that would leave Mr. Eastland in control of the Senate Judiciary Committee; and that they were tired of being taken for granted by a party that for too long had been

(*Continued on page 5*)

HEAVENLY SWITCHBOARD

'Dial-a-Prayer—For a Spiritual Lift in a Busy Day'
—sign on a New York church

Dial-a-Prayer. The Exchange is White House One-
0-0-0-0. You'll get an answer back
Quick as a jiffy: a psalm from Hagerty
Or a Hail from Hall; or, if the line is clear,
A Pater Noster from *him.*
Miraculous!
To phone for piety! But in this day
When values (moral and spiritual) have returned
(Thank God), people pray now,
Pay later. It's the American way.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, November 15, 1956. Volume 15, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1956 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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How to make 18 people this Christmas

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To many people, certain books are as invaluable as a best friend. Three practical gift suggestions that deserve a niche in almost every home are the world-famous **THORNDIKE-BARNHART COMPREHENSIVE DESK DICTIONARY** (80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 896 pages; $2.95 standard, $3.50 thumb-indexed); **AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE** ($5.50 standard, $6 thumb-indexed), today's most modern, best-selling book of etiquette; **Charles H. Goren's CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE** ($4.50)—it has everything that made the author's name virtually synonymous with America's most popular card game.

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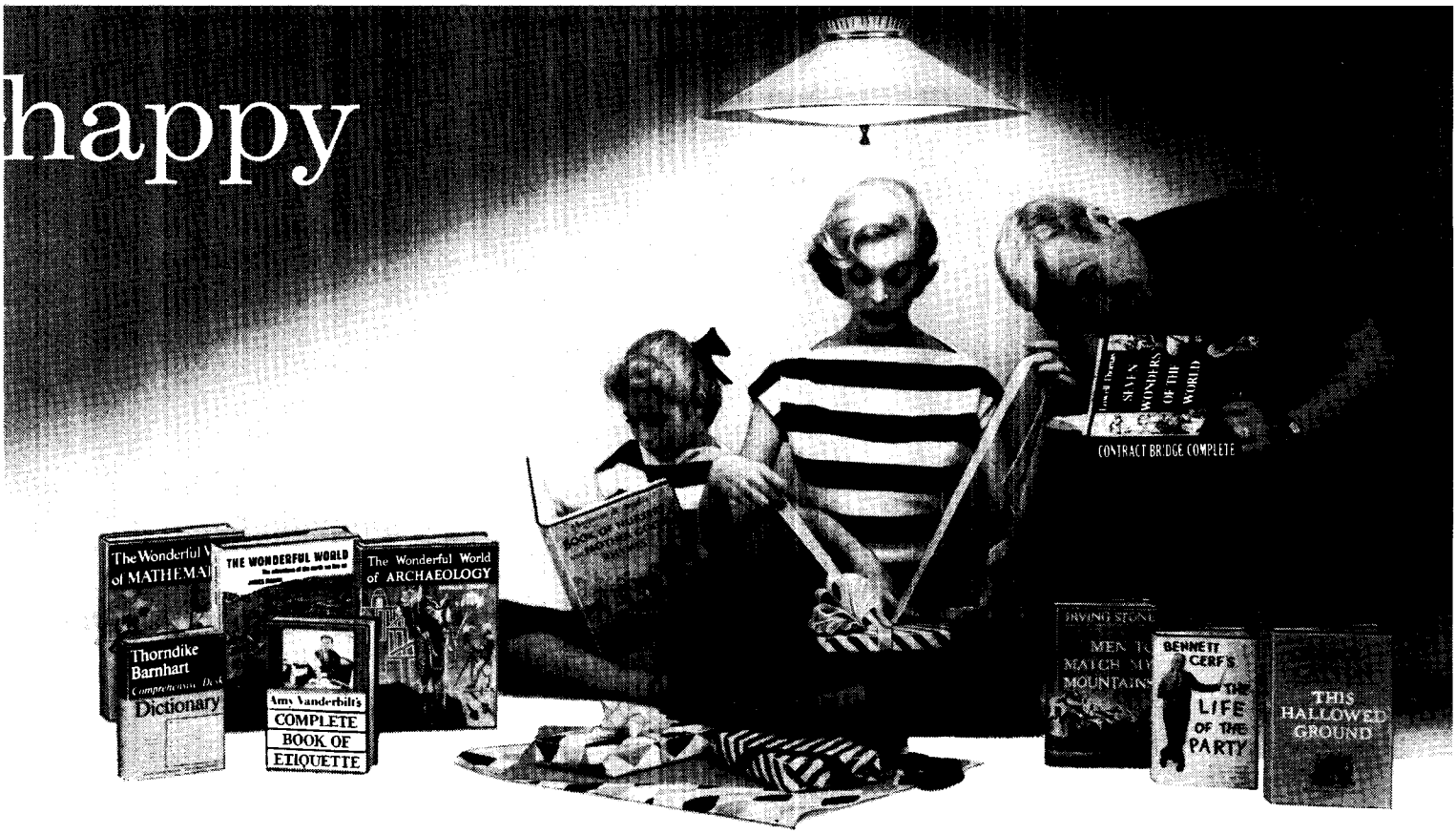

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■ "High fidelity" might be defined as **the precision** reproduction of music by a system of specialist-built components. Among these components—amplifiers, radio tuners, record players—nowhere is precision workmanship more important than it is in the loudspeaker.

■ Consider the function of a loudspeaker. It must vibrate at exactly the same frequency as the electrical signal fed to it by the amplifier. This frequency may vary from 30 to as many as 15,000 times a second! Consider that now we are not dealing with electrons of negligible mass, neither are we working with a tiny phonograph stylus; in a loudspeaker we must control the actual physical movement of a considerable mass of metal and fiber. A moment's reflection will show that in this component precision workmanship is all important.

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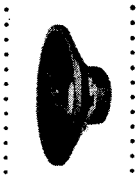
The place to see and hear JBL Signature units is in the component demonstration room of the authorized JBL Signature High Fidelity Sound Specialist in your community.



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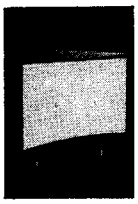

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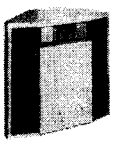

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THE WINNER AND THE LOSER

ERIC SEVAREID

The old American political order of things has radically changed. In the catalogue of political loyalties, personality ranks first, policy second, and party a poor third. The historic gesture the American electorate has just made is an expression of majority beliefs in the *man*, above all; in his policies to a lesser degree; and in his party to what must be considered in the measurement of history a small degree. For not only is the immense size of the vote for Eisenhower a bench mark in our political history; so is the relatively small size of the vote for the bulk of his party's candidates.

The most popular political leader in a century apparently failed to do what far less popular leaders had always done—bring in a party majority in the Congress. For the first time in the history of the modern two-party system, now a hundred years old, a Presidential election has given the White House to one party and apparently both houses of Congress to the opposition party. Disraeli once said, "No government can be long secure without a formidable opposition." If so, the American government today is very secure indeed.

This division is not going to mean stalemate; we have had such divisions before, though never as a consequence of a Presidential election, and there was no particular paralysis. And in our present times, a Federal government at loggerheads is especially unlikely. Because the two great parties have grown more alike rather than less; because they reflect far less class and regional division than we used to have; and because, especially in a time of world danger, that which unites us, as Mr. Stevenson said, is greater than that which divides us.

We saw again a psychological phenomenon—an expression of trust in an individual human being, combined with and partly reflecting an expression of deep concern about the world we live in. This simply dissolves domestic issues, party organization, and political strategy. It was a kind of drawing together of the great majority in a manifestation to a threatening world that we are one people. This is something to make every American feel good, whether he was on the winning or the losing side. It was this sense of oneness that the magnanimous loser was trying to express in the most poignant hour of his life, and one cannot help wishing that the stirring transaction had been made whole and complete by some similar recognition and salute by the happy winner.

More particularly would this have helped to heal what political wounds there were in view of the truth that while it was to the incumbent that the people turned to lead the world back to peace, it was the challenger who was proved to be profoundly right about the unreal nature of the world peace we had thought we were enjoying. Mr. Stevenson remained a prophet without office, but not without honor.

Now we face a new chapter, a new cycle, at home and in the world. It is going to require not merely the presence of the chosen leader so deeply and widely trusted but the informed attention of all of us. For the nature of the world is not what we had been led to believe, or, more likely, had *wished* to believe it is.

A brief era of complacency and illusion has vanished. But the most ancient of all truths has again been revealed, that the price of liberty is *eternal* vigilance.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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trading on the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Certainly not even the Negro vote was decisive in a sweep of such magnitude as the one that brought Eisenhower to victory. But it was an important element in the remarkable decline of Democratic strength in the big cities and a portent of things to come. In Harlem's Eleventh Assembly District, almost solidly Negro, Stevenson won sixty-five per cent of the vote, compared with 83.25 per cent four years ago. In other New York districts with a majority of Negro voters, Democratic strength dropped from a proportion of 3-1 to 2-1 and even lower.

In predominantly Negro wards of Cleveland, Bridgeport, and Baltimore, long-standing Democratic majorities vanished altogether. In Southern cities, too, Negro districts played a role in the swing to Eisenhower, particularly in Memphis, Richmond, and New Orleans. In Montgomery, Alabama, locale of the bus boycott, a successful campaign to get out a Negro protest vote is believed to have been decisive in pushing the city into the Republican column.

It is ironic that while only a strip of Southern states and Missouri were left to Stevenson, powerful Democratic voices are already warning that the party's future lies in risking just those states. By trying to compromise on civil rights, Senator Kennedy says, his party "did lose a substantial percentage of the Negro vote," and he predicts a "bitter and rather substantial" battle between the party's two major factions. Mr. Finnegan is even more explicit. "The future of our party," he is quoted as saying, "lies in pursuing a Northern liberal course."

With the Solid South already a thing of the past, it must be apparent to the least ideological Democrat that to gamble a New York or a Pennsylvania to win a Mississippi or an Arkansas is losing poker. But habit dies hard, and as 1960 approaches, the cry of "party unity" will once more be heard in the land. One is inclined to ask how many disasters the Democratic Party needs if it is to be fit again to win Presidential and not just Congressional elections.

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RUEFUL NOTICE TO CERTAIN QANTAS CONTESTANTS

Monday morning October 15th we arrived at the office to find . . . disaster. The lady who comes in to clean up had done her job with unprecedented zeal, and in so doing flung out a huge stack of unanswered entries in our "Rename the Continents" contest.

As we figure, these entries were mostly mailed after October 6th but some may date from the 1st. If you haven't gotten your Qantasylvania patent of citizenship by now yours was likely in the pile. Under these gaunt circumstances, the only way out seems to be for you to send in a new entry—Re-Rename the Continents, you might say—on a post card to "Second-Entry, Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco". We hope you'll give us (and the cleanup staff) another chance.

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

QANTAS

The way the war looked to the Japanese

THE CAUSE OF JAPAN, by Togo Shigenori, is just published. It is the first authoritative statement available in English of the Japanese view of the Second World War and the events leading up to it – by the man who was Japan's foreign minister in the fateful hours leading up to Pearl Harbor, and during the final days of the Pacific war.

The New York Times: *"His posthumous book is a calm and careful review of the actions and policies of the Japanese Government during these two critical periods, and of his part in them. It enriches our knowledge of these matters despite touches of ambiguity and evasiveness."*

Joseph C. Grew, former Ambassador to Japan: *"While his story is naturally an ex parte statement, it throws light on his thinking in the months preceding Pearl Harbor. I think that in his book he has made an important contribution toward piecing out the story of our times."*

THE CAUSE OF JAPAN
By TOGO SHIGENORI
372 pages. $5.
Simon and Schuster

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

To the Editor: The clarity and insight of Douglass Cater's article "The Peaceful Atom: An Admiral Adrift" (*The Reporter*, October 18) deserve high praise. Others here share my opinion. This is a national and international question of first rank, and he has excellently portrayed the roadblocks to U.S. progress in this field.

May I add a point? When we insist that AEC build full-scale demonstration power reactors, we are stimulating, not opposing, private enterprise. By contracting these projects to private companies, AEC would provide far more opportunity to designers, manufacturers, and construction companies than they enjoy under the restrictive Strauss formula, which leaves the initiative to reluctant electric utilities and gives them a veto power over progress.

To inject the public-private controversy here, as Admiral Strauss does, is irrelevant and reckless, like his luckless Dixon-Yates adventure. The slogan of this perplexed patriot seems to be: "Private Enterprise, may it always be right; but right or wrong—Private Enterprise!"

As Mr. Cater rightly points out, atomic power is not yet a good bet for risk capital. That is why AEC has a job to do, and why Admiral Strauss must be got out of there so that it can do it.

DONALD MONTGOMERY
Director, Washington Office
United Automobile, Aircraft & Agricultural Implement Workers of America

PRO TOYNBEE

To the Editor: Although Anne Fremantle is probably right that a little more *distinguo* would be helpful in understanding Professor Toynbee's variegated historic, philosophic, and theologic *An Historian's Approach to Religion*, there certainly is none needed to decipher her review of that book (*The Reporter*, October 18). She is speaking as hundred per cent theologian. Her various literal-minded refutations portray quite vividly the style and argumentative techniques of the traditionally militant "defender of the Faith." Her case for Christianity is complete except for the lack of the one essential element, charity.

PETER WILLIAMS
New York

To the Editor: And so Anne Fremantle doesn't like Toynbee? How fortunate! For this has given us a vigorous and provocative review. Alas, it is also provoking, for a scholar of her standing ought to realize that her "first rub" is rubbed the wrong way. The greatness of Toynbee's work—and it is very great even though every reader can add his own tale of peeves—is precisely his breach of the confining tradition that the historian is concerned only with facts. Facts he must have, but unless he transcends them he is but a pieceworker. Every scholar is obligated to relate his bit of truth to the whole. Increasingly it is felt today that our enforced specialization is creating a major intellectual problem; we must find some means of communicating across the borders of our disciplines. It is a risky business. Then so much more credit to the hardy souls who venture their reputations to the no man's land of interdepartmental relevance.

Further, every historian is, *ipso facto*, a philosopher of history, whether he will or no; and the most dangerous one is he who claims that he has no philosophy at all because history has no meaning—there is his philosophy, and a very foolish one. Some time ago a great astronomer wrote with credit on *The Nature of the Physical Universe*. Why then must the historian be debarred from writing on the nature of the human universe? Who can do it so well as he? Are we to leave it to the theologians, of whom Miss Fremantle, in her review, seems to count herself one, though a very amateurish one? Enough of their dabbling! They reveal an ignorance of what history is, hence they entertain us with scholastic theories about what it must be. The proper study of history—which only the historian can do—is the most fruitful source for an approach to those age-long and universal perplexities: What is this mystery in which we live and move and have our being? What are we who so live?

I am highly suspicious that Toynbee's views on the Fall, as she cites them, are much closer to the meaning of Genesis 3 than her interpretation of "Judæo-Christian 'mythology.'" Strange, though, she comes close to Toynbee in her cited ejaculation, "*O felix culpa!*"

WILLIAM A. IRWIN
Abilene, Texas

To the Editor: To me Toynbee's books and views are one of the most important contributions made to the history of civilizations that have been printed in the past twenty-five or even fifty years. His views can be disputed and argued, but many will agree that *A Study of History* is a most compelling and thorough treatment of this vast area of human development.

F. J. MILLER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ANTI-FRANCE

To the Editor: Your normally astute Edmond Taylor has breathed the air of the Quai d'Orsay for far too long. [Reference is made to Mr. Taylor's article "Our Diplomatic Defeats and the Unity of Europe." *The Reporter*, October 18.]

With an irrationality that compares with that shown by the Germans in Hitler's time, France has sought a scapegoat to blame for all her difficulties. For more than a year now, Nasser has filled the bill.

Now the French are in a pet because Mr. Dulles, in one of the few intelligent acts he has committed since becoming Secretary of State, has spoiled the little party they had

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planned for Egypt. Mr. Taylor asks us to consider this as a failure of U.S. leadership. He warns us that the government of France, which would fall tomorrow if anyone but Mendès-France had the courage to pick up the pieces, and the government of Britain, which would be out tomorrow if the disgusted British could find a way to get it out, are now going to unite Europe. Nonsense. Mr. Eden and Mr. Mollet will have their hands full uniting their own countries before they can think about uniting Europe.

JOHN C. HOLT II
Carbondale, Colorado

LAST WORD ON SOCIO-JARGON

To the Editor: All the reasons offered by S. P. Dunn ("Correspondence," October 4) in defense of the pompous, clumsy jargon of sociologists are nullified by one simple observation: There are *some* sociologists who know how to describe sociological theories and findings in simple, lucid language. To verify this, one has only to consult publications by Robert L. Sutherland, George Lundberg, Leslie White, and Harry Moore.

CHARLES D. WHATLEY, JR.
Assistant Professor of Sociology
Western Michigan College
Kalamazoo

IN RE: JIMMY PORTER

To the Editor: As a "Redbrick" graduate in my mid-twenties, I fear that John Rosselli's review of the London play *Look Back in Anger*, printed in your issue of October 18, will have given your American readers a most misleading impression, both of the merits of the play and of the way in which it has been received by the younger British theatre-going public.

The play consists entirely of the hysterical vapourings of a rather tiresome young man. The welfare state has given him the opportunity of enjoying a university education. But all he can do afterwards is to sit around either whining with self-pity or denouncing everything in sight: the state, his wife, the church, the Sunday newspaper, and above all the middle classes (the archvillains of the piece, which is saturated with inverted snobbery). He does not, of course, regard himself as having any sort of responsibility to put the education he has received at the taxpayers' expense to good use. He sells sweets in a street market.

This intellectually facile and morally sterile play is viewed by most of my contemporaries with good-humoured contempt.

It may, of course, be true that the welfare state has been too liberal in its endowments, and that young men of the meagre intellectual calibre of Jimmy Porter should never have been allowed to strain their intellectual resources to the extent of having to survive three years at college. For at the end of it, they have merely acquired ideas above their talents. Since they cannot find jobs commensurate with what they believe are their talents, they relapse into anger.

The acclaim this play has received in certain quarters is due to the total absence of critical standards in our theatre. This, alas, is the only *really* notable feature of the London theatre today.

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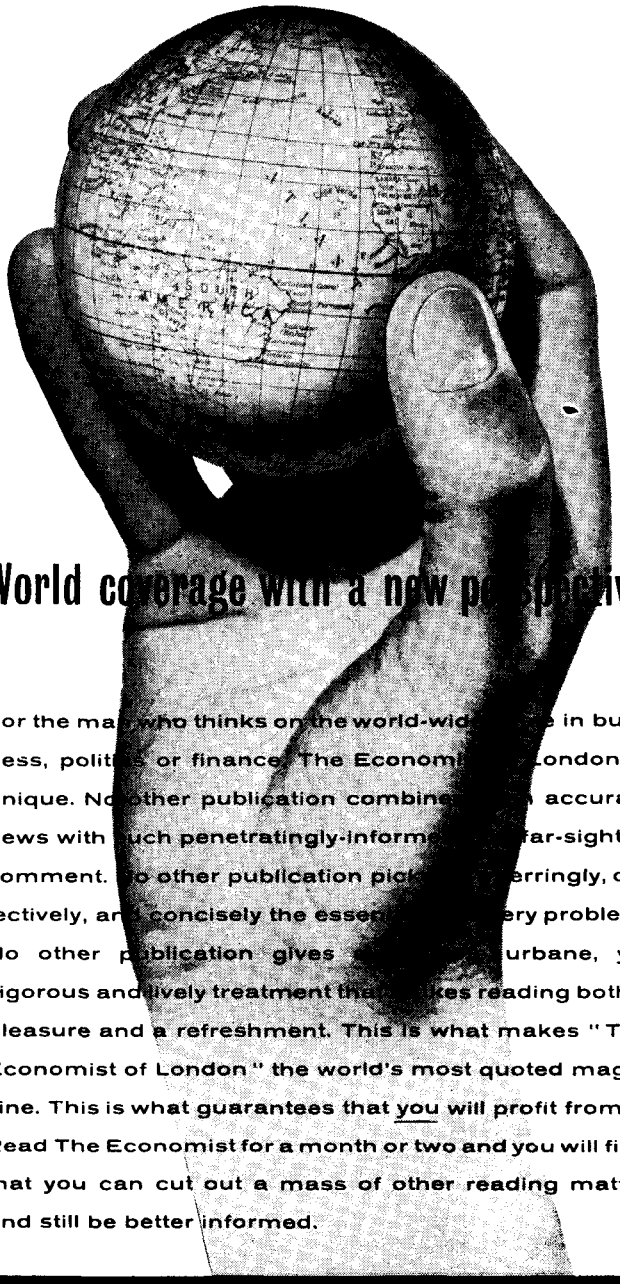

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WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

BECAUSE of the elections we waited an extra week before bringing out this issue, but of all the events that took place during that week, our elections were certainly the least dramatic. As **Max Ascoli's** editorial shows, we have no post-election gripes.

When the news came from Poland, Hungary, and the Middle East, our writers were quickly alerted for reports on the trouble spots. **Claire Sterling** flew to Israel to send us the story of the staggering defeat suffered by Nasser's armies in the Sinai Peninsula, and of Ben Gurion's determination to get a real peace this time. **Isaac Deutscher** from his watchtower in London followed the crisis in the relationship between Soviet Russia and those two most embattled European nations, Poland and Hungary. The fast-moving, fast-talking, Khrushchev is in trouble, he reports. Additional information on Poland comes from **S. L. Shneiderman,** who, incidentally, like Mr. Deutscher, is Polish-born. He was in Poland just a few weeks before the trouble started and had long talks with some of the men who had top positions in the new Polish government. **Leslie B. Bain** was in Budapest during the first six days of the revolution; he came out to Vienna to cable us his story. **Edmond Taylor,** a frequent contributor, sends us his firsthand account of a day spent with young Hungarian revolutionary students. Bain and Taylor report on what they saw and heard, which, given the turmoil, was not always the same.

EVEN revolutions and wars should not keep us from looking at what is happening to underprivileged citizens in our country. **William Manchester,** free-lance writer, has drawn a picture of a slum landlord. **James A. Maxwell,** a frequent contributor, traveled to Kentucky to take a close look at Happy Chandler. Happy's peculiar interpretation of party loyalty singularly helped the Republican victories in Kentucky.

Burma has come into the picture lately as one of those so-called uncommitted Asian nations which never commit themselves against Communism. **Arthur Bonner** is CBS correspondent in India.

Colin Wilson's article is excerpted from the forthcoming *Zero Anthology* (Zero Press). It is as controversial as his best-seller *The Outsider*. **Jay Jacobs,** known as a *Reporter* artist, writes on British painting. Our Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** discusses the hard lot of top executives.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Mandate: A Coalition Cabinet

It was not much of a peaceful order, the one that prevailed in the Middle East, in eastern Europe, or, for that matter, all over the world. Then all of a sudden, and practically at the same time, the ancient, long-endured sufferings of the Israeli and the Hungarian peoples exploded with irrepressible fury. We should never have forgotten it, but certainly there is a limit to the amount of punishment human flesh can take.

With different motivations and purposes, the General Assembly of the U.N. seems to have reached the practical conclusion that the disturber of the peace be curbed and the *status quo* re-established.

The representatives of our government were caught in a trap of their own making. Their proclaimed and undoubtedly sincere aversion to the use of the ultimate weapons has led them to become uncompromising advocates and practitioners of the no-force doctrine. They are against the use of force anywhere, for the only force they can conceive of is the one they prayerfully hope never to use. They are for a world order based on law, and they mean it. The only trouble is that a no-force policy, far from achieving world law, outlaws peace.

It was never so clear as on that memorable evening when, at the General Assembly of the U.N., Secretary Dulles led the overwhelming majority of nations in the condemnation of Israel. He just vaguely hinted that there could be something better than the re-establishment of a bloody armistice. But he did start a train of events destined inevitably to lead to Russia's offer to intervene in the Middle East as executor of the U.N. resolution. In fact, the Russians are adopting to their fullest some of Mr. Dulles's pet formulas. They showed to him and to the world what brinkmanship actually means when they told Britain and France that some big, bad trouble was ahead unless they stopped their military operations in Egypt.

Our people went to the polls just as the pressures to reimpose the *status quo* in the Middle East and in Hungary were at their highest. The turnout was unexpectedly large, considering that the winds of passion that had swept the country during the campaign had been light to moderate. The voters knew that ugly things were happening abroad—things that somehow might affect them.

Yet one cannot say that there was too much discussion of foreign affairs during the campaign. Stevenson tried toward the end—against his advisers' conviction that there was no mileage in foreign issues. Unfortunately for him, events abroad greatly increased the mileage of Eisenhower's victory.

Now there is not much use listing even a sample of the various wise, commonplace, or nonsensical arguments raised by both parties during the campaign. The response of the people, the selection they have made of national, Congressional, and state leaders, is far more meaningful than anything the successful or defeated leaders said while campaigning.

How are we to interpret the overwhelming vote of confidence in the President and of nonconfidence in his party? Should we see in the ever-spreading habit of splitting the ticket nothing but a definitive evidence of national schizophrenia? Quite a number of people—particularly those not satisfied with the election returns—can take some sardonic pleasure in this kind of diagnosis. They may gloat in picturing the whole thing as a stampede of confused men and women who, in time of international distress, huddle around a war hero whose policies have contributed to bringing about the distress. Perhaps, one may add, the American people have followed in their own way what seems to be the world-wide trend: Let's stick to the *status quo*; let's not change anything—in change there is peril.

The ultimate interpretation of the popular mandate is the responsibility of those who are the beneficiaries of the popular confidence. In this case, the responsibility falls on one man. It is up to him to decide whether he wants to be the benevolent father image for a large majority of the population and let his minority party rule the Executive Branch of the government, or whether, taking a daring, risky, and unprecedented initiative, he wants to form a Cabinet of national coalition. The people have expressed their trust in him and their mistrust for the leaders of his own party. It is up to him, in this emergency which is like war and may become war, to bring unity to the divided minds of our citizens.

In his speech conceding defeat—the best he made during the campaign—Adlai Stevenson paid a most beautiful tribute to the role partisanship plays in the service of the nation. He exalted partisanship and, once more, proved to be above it. Could President Eisenhower call on a better or, for that matter, a more qualified man to work on his side as Secretary of State in the service of the nation?

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The Middle East: When Foreign Policy Fails . . .

CLAIRE STERLING

TEL AVIV

WHEN IT WAS too late, Britain and France entered a war that had more tragic consequences than anyone had foreseen. It is clear they need never have entered it. Israel could have fought and won the war alone. If it had done so, this might have been the shortest, least painful war in modern history.

Eight years ago, when Israel was born, the Israelis took two weeks to defeat the combined invading armies of six Arab states. This time they defeated the largest, most formidable of these armies in ninety-three hours. Israeli-Egyptian fighting began at 5 P.M. Monday, October 29. It ended at 2 P.M. the following Friday, when the last Egyptian armored brigade surrendered at Abu Aweiglia, leaving Israel in control of the entire Sinai Peninsula.

The Egyptians' defeat in Sinai was one that no Arab can honorably explain or easily forget. It cannot be argued, as it was in 1948, that the Egyptian soldiers were hampered by inadequate, faulty equipment provided by the corrupt government of King Farouk. Whatever else Nasser did, he provided them with more and better weapons than they could possibly use, and masses of those weapons were left intact on the battlefield by an army in full and panic-stricken flight.

TRUE, Nasser was outnumbered in the field. Israel sent in four of its seven divisions against roughly two and a half Egyptian divisions. The Israeli force, however, was made up in good part of reservists who had left civilian jobs only two or three days earlier, and each of their brigades included a battalion of women. Nasser's forces in Sinai were the cream of his standing army. He had had one division poised for battle just below the Gaza strip for at least six months, along with three armored brigades in the strip itself and two or three armored battalions elsewhere in the Sinai Desert. Within hours of the invasion he had sent in another division, including the best infantry brigade and the oldest, finest armored brigade in the Egyptian Army. Though these crack troops were only about forty-five per cent of his numerical armed strength, they were closer to two-thirds of his effective fighting power. All were armed to the teeth; all had, directly or indirectly, benefited from Russian instruction (there were even some Russian technicians on the battlefield with them); and they were supported by an air force that Israel could not conceivably match either in quality or quantity.

No Will to Fight?

Nasser now blames his defeat in the Sinai not on the despised Israelis but on the British and French. While some of his civilian subjects may believe him, the army knows better. Unquestionably the Anglo-French contribution was valuable to Israel psychologically and militarily. It probably helped dissuade Syria and Jordan from coming to Egypt's aid under the pact they had signed only a week earlier, and it certainly knocked out the Egyptian Air Force. But Nasser had shown a marked disinclination to use that air force to full capacity while it was still flying. Even before the British-French bombardments of Wednesday night

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and thereafter, the Israelis were outfighting the Egyptians in the air.

Every allowance can be made for Nasser's weakness. He was clearly taken by surprise. The Israelis had been feinting convincingly along the Jordan border, and he probably thought that Jordan was their first objective. Furthermore, his troops must have been demoralized by the swiftness and precision of the British-French aerial intervention on the other side of the Suez Canal in their rear.

But none of this explains why the only Egyptian bomber to fly over Tel Aviv in this war should have veered off to sea, or why the commander of an Egyptian frigate, after being reckless enough to shell Haifa all alone, should have surrendered with his guns unharmed, with four hundred rounds of ammunition unused, and with only three dead aboard in a crew of two hundred, rather than scuttle the ship. It also doesn't explain why the Egyptian troops in their hasty retreat should have left vast stores behind—including at least ten MIGs and a huge gasoline dump—without even setting fire to whatever would burn, and why an army that had been girding for revenge for eight years should have collapsed so completely in four days.

The Israelis are mistaken in blaming this on innate Arab cowardice. Those who have seen something of the Arabs in North Africa, as I have, know they can be personally brave against overwhelming odds, in seemingly hopeless circumstances. Apparently, however, Arabs are no different from anyone else in needing a cause to fight for. The extraordinary battle of Sinai suggests now that the obliteration of Israel is not that cause. The Arabs may hate Israel, but it isn't the kind of hatred born of the indignity of living under foreign rule—the kind that led Arabs to die fighting France in North Africa, and Egyptians to die fighting Britain and France in the canal zone.

The world will never know whether the same Egyptians would have resisted so strongly in Suez if their opponents had been Israelis. They might have if Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and/or Russia had come to their assistance. Short of that, however, they might well have surrendered. The army's long, disorderly retreat through Sinai might easily have brought about Nasser's fall. The Egyptians would have had no one else to blame for their bitter humiliation, and the war might then have been over.

The Israeli Calculations

The Israelis, who have been saying all along that the Arabs wouldn't fight them in a showdown, were the

only people who believed it, and not even they could be sure. Despite a self-confidence that has often irritated their friends as well as their enemies, they knew they were taking great chances by putting their conviction to the test in the Sinai invasion. What they didn't realize was how great those risks would be for others, how the Soviet rulers would use the invasion to curb the Hungarian people, and how close it would come to bringing on a third world war. In fact, they were convinced they had calculated to a nicety the moment when they could move against Egypt with minimum danger to international peace. If they had moved alone, they might have been right.

The Israeli military leaders defined the Sinai operation as "bigger than retaliation and smaller than war." Whatever they called it, their intention was clearly to call the Arabs' bluff after eight years of harassment, to destroy the biggest of their enemies' armies, and to force the fall of the man who was building a ring of steel around them before he himself was ready to close in.

They had been contemplating such an attack since the fall of 1955, when Nasser made the arms deal with Russia. Twice in the ensuing year they were on verge of preventive war: once in November and again the following April. They had decided against this irrevocably—or so it seemed in April—because of British and American pressure, adverse international opinion, and the frightful destruction that even successful war might bring their country. But they went back to the idea, and with far greater interest, when Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal last July. To the Israelis there were two fascinating aspects of that event. One was that Nasser had made abiding foes of Britain and France. The other was that if he got away with his coup, he would become so inflated a hero in the Arab world that the pressure on him to make war against Israel would be irresistible.

If our State Department had shown the slightest comprehension of the Israeli frame of mind—not to mention that of the British and French—during the Suez crisis, if the United States had brought its weight and a modicum of diplomatic intelligence to bear to bring about a reasonable Suez settlement, there would have been no Sinai invasion. But, with Israel watching him intently all through August, September, and October, Dulles retreated steadily from high indignation against Nasser to irresolution and capitulation.

Ben Gurion's Timing

No one knows when Ben Gurion actually decided to invade Egypt. But he unquestionably began moving in that direction in mid-October, when the United States acted as Nasser's intermediary in the U.N. Security Council and forced victory for the Egyptian dictator on his own terms. This convinced Ben Gurion that the United States was preparing

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to make a deal with Nasser whereby the Egyptian ruler would get American moral, diplomatic, and financial support, and Americans would, in exchange, be permitted to occupy the freshly vacated seats of Britain and France in the Middle East.

Britain and France were coming to the same conclusion. Fresh from the U.N. defeat, deeply embittered by the State Department betrayal, the French and British governments could ask nothing better than an Israeli invasion as a pretext to crush Nasser. The Israelis may be telling the truth in denying any foreknowledge of British intentions in this regard. But there was at least a meeting of minds between Jerusalem and Paris. Ben Gurion as much as said so when, after talking with the French ambassador on the latter's return from Paris in late October, he announced that "Israel has a new friend."

If there were any lingering doubts in Ben Gurion's mind about what Nasser would do after a U.N. triumph, they vanished in the following week, when Egyptian *Fedayeen* resumed their raids into Israeli territory after a three-month quiescence. There were twenty-four Israeli casualties along the Egyptian border during that week.

The timing of Israel's move seemed brilliant. Both the United States and Russia then were immobilized: Americans were in the election campaign and the Russians were fighting to hold their satellite empire. This all but guaranteed a localized war, and there seemed excellent possibilities that it could be confined to Egypt itself. Nasser's very triumphs were putting great strains on his Arab alliances. His popularity with the Arab masses made official homage necessary; but Saud of Arabia, Hussein of Jordan, and Feisal of Iraq were all aware of Nasser's ambitions —indeed, his organized efforts—to replace them with revolutionary juntas under his personal command. By the end of October, he was coming so close to that objective that it was a big question whether these rulers hated Israel or Nasser most. It seemed more than likely, therefore, that the minute Israeli forces set foot in the Sinai Peninsula the whole mosaic of Arab military alliances would crumble, and that President Nasser would be left by his erstwhile allies to fight alone.

Risks—Foreseen and Unforeseen

The Israelis never had seen such a chance to divide and disarm their adversaries. Not knowing whether they would ever have such a chance again, they took it. If the third world war doesn't break out here and now, the Israelis may well have won a spell of security and peace. But the victory is not as clean-cut as it might have been if this had been exclusively an Israeli-Egyptian war, and it is shadowed by the somber story of Hungary, where the Russians were sufficiently emboldened by events in the Middle East to suppress the insurrection.

THE ISRAELIS failed to foresee this eventuality. What they did expect was bad enough: a renewed wave of resentment in Arab, African, and Asian countries; a possible disintegration of the British Commonwealth in Asia; acute U.S. embarrassment; undermining of the U.N.; a deeper Russian penetration into the Middle East; and unanimous criticism from the world on which they, perhaps more than any other people, depend.

The Israelis did not blame themselves for the weakening of the West. They blamed Dulles. "After all," a high Israeli official told me, "he had it coming." Nor did they think the

West would end up in much worse shape in the Middle East and Asia than it was before. If Arab and Asian countries had been motivated by a genuine concern for freedom, the Israelis argued, they would have been far more shocked and frightened by the Russians' brutal suppression of freedom in Hungary than by the almost bloodless attack, under extreme provocation, on an all-too-ambitious dictator. If that was the case, they said, these countries should, at worst, turn to neutralism; if it was not, some countries were probably as good as lost anyway.

As for criticism from the rest of the world, the Israelis were resigned to it, and believed it would be more official than real. Many nations, they said, were beginning to think it was time to do something about Nasser. The list they cite is based on specific word coming through diplomatic channels. It included not only most countries of Europe but several in Africa and Asia. It also included the United States.

This presupposed, of course, that Nasser could be finished. But this did not happen. While he surely would have been wholly undone by a defeat at Israeli hands, he has now been calling on a people whose only information comes from the state-controlled press and radio to rally around him as a martyr of colonial repression. But Nasser's power has never depended on his people. It has depended on his army, and that army met a disgraceful defeat in the Sinai Peninsula.

In the strictest sense, the Israeli invasion of Sinai was not an act of aggression. The new nation had never been at peace with Egypt from the day it was born. Its relations with that country had been governed by the armistice signed after the Arabs had invaded its soil, and even that was violated almost daily by Egypt and other Arab states for eight years. Nasser steadfastly maintained that Egypt and Israel were still in a state of war. "We have simply shown Nasser what a state of war really means," one Israeli leader told me.

ALL THAT Israel may have gained from its desperate act is the absence of war. This alone would have been a striking achievement for a tiny nation bordered by hostile states whose territory is sixty-three times bigger than its own. But the world may have to pay a great deal for failing to give Israel the safety it could have secured for itself, with its own initiative, by its own means.

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October Revolutions, New Style

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

NEVER since the 1812-1813 insurrection of the European peoples against Napoleon—an insurrection that combined the features of revolution with those of counterrevolution—has Europe seen as confused and desperate a popular revolt as that which has shaken Poland and Hungary and sent its tremors through the rest of eastern Europe.

The background of the October events was very much the same in Poland and Hungary. In both countries the explosion of the Stalin myth and the disintegration of the Stalinist police terror had put into motion vast popular forces impatient with the slowness and halfheartedness of official de-Stalinization and pressing for an immediate and radical break with the Stalin era. Both in Poland and in Hungary the movement grew from modest beginnings and gained scope and momentum until it assumed a nation-wide scale. In both countries the offended dignity of peoples reduced to the roles of Russian satellites had powerfully asserted itself, claiming its rights. Yet the Poles and Hungarians struggled for political freedoms as well as for national emancipation, and they rose against the Stalinist police state through which Russia had dominated them. Last but not least, they revolted against an economic policy that had sacrificed their consumer interests to industrialization and armaments and had plunged them into intolerable misery.

The upsurge of nationalist emotion, the yearning for political freedom, and despair at the economic plight in both countries were common to workers, intelligentsia, students, civil servants, army officers, and the still numerous survivors of the old bourgeoisie. In both countries all social divisions were for a time completely overshadowed by the single and all-embracing antagonism of the peoples at large to a handful of Stalinist die-hards clinging to power. Even the die-hards were politically disarmed, and none other than Khrushchev had disarmed them. After his speech at the Twentieth Party Congress they stood naked before the peoples as the high priests of a dethroned idol and a desecrated church. They themselves were fitfully engaged in smashing the idol and desecrating the church—that is, in preaching de-Stalinization. By preaching it they supplied to the popular movement surging from below the slogans, the banners, and the moral weapons of insurrection.

Aspects of Anger

De-Stalinization gave a legal cloak to the popular revolt in its initial phases and concealed the diverse currents and crosscurrents of the revolt. Communists and anti-Communists, Leninists and Catholics, Socialists and conservatives all spoke in the same idiom—the idiom of de-Stalinization. For a time all seemed united in the enthusiasm for a new leader—Wladyslaw Gomulka in Poland and Imre Nagy in Hungary, both national Communists and martyrs of the Stalin era whose names had become symbols of opposition to Russian domination and to the Stalinist police state.

Yet within this outwardly harmonious anti-Stalinist movement there were from the beginning two separate currents in actual or potential conflict with one another, and a tense and only partly open struggle went on between Communists and anti-Communists. It should not be imagined that the line of division ran only between members and nonmembers of the Communist Party. It cut across the party itself, which in the last twelve years had absorbed the most diverse elements, some who would normally, given their freedom of choice, have followed a Social Democratic lead, and others who would have joined right-wing clericalist and nationalist parties.

As long as the Communist Party was the Stalinist monolith, these differences mattered little; they had no opportunity of expression. But now the party was no longer the old monolith, and so the tug of war between Communism and anti-Communism—conscious or only instinctive—began to develop in its own midst. Outside the party, anti-Communism had behind it a numerous and influential Catholic clergy, the sentiments of vast sections of the peasantry and of the intelligentsia, and the hopes cherished by the remnants of the urban bourgeoisie. The new anti-Stalinism appealed to nonparty men as well, to workers, intellectuals, and members of the bureaucracy.

THERE were, however, also vital differences between Hungary and Poland—differences that were to determine the vastly different results of the struggle in the two countries. In Poland, anti-Stalinist Communism was incomparably stronger than in Hungary even in the heyday of Stalinism. Polish Communists, especially the older ones, had never at heart forgiven Stalin the blow and insult he inflicted on them in 1938, when he disbanded the whole of the Polish Communist Party, denouncing it as "a nest of Trotskyist *agents provocateurs*" and ordering the execution of all its leaders who had fled to Moscow from Marshal Pilsudski's prisons and concentration camps. Even in the years 1950-1953 the Communist leaders of Warsaw used all their cunning to cheat Stalin and avoid staging trials in the style of Rajk in Hungary and Slansky in Czechoslovakia, and it was thanks to this that Gomulka lived on to fight another day. (Among the papers of Boleslaw Bierut, the Stalinist Polish leader who died early this year, were found documents in which he urged his subordinates to ignore Stalin's insistent demands for Polish purge trials.)

No wonder that Polish Communist activists received de-Stalinization with relief and joy as a most congenial job, while Mátyás Rákosi and his men did their utmost to curb and delay de-Stalinization in their country. The Polish Communist cadres remained on the whole sensitive to popular moods and kept in

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touch with them, while the Hungarians were cut off from the masses and were blind and deaf to the ground swell of political emotion in their country.

Early Warnings

To the Polish Communists the Poznan riots last summer came as a timely and salutary warning. Poznan made them aware of the gulf that had opened between their own ruling group and the working class. It made them realize that unless they, the Communists themselves, broke rapidly and radically with the Stalin era, Poland's de-Stalinization might be carried out against them by anti-Communists. Hence the Polish party did not use Poznan as a pretext for tightening screws. On the contrary, it pressed democratization and worked to narrow the gulf between the rulers and the ruled.

By far the most important Polish development since Poznan has been the rise of a strong movement for "industrial de-Stalinization" among the workers in the factories. This essentially Communist movement, which was to play a decisive role in October, found its main base in the factories of Warsaw, especially in the suburb of Zheran, and in the mines and steel mills of Silesia and Dombrowa. The spirit animating this movement was closely akin to that which animated the Bolshevik masses of Petrograd and Moscow in the early days of the Russian Revolution.

The Polish workers were quick to translate the intelligentsia's call for de-Stalinization and democratization into specific industrial demands of their own. For them, democratization has meant first of all "the workers' direct control over industry" and the abolition of an overcentralized economic dictatorship by bureaucracy that had ridden roughshod over the workers' needs and rights. The party leaders at first viewed with some apprehension this movement and its potential challenge to national economic planning, but the movement had an irresistible force and they made their peace with it. It created something like a ready-made proletarian class basis for de-Stalinization.

Up to the Poznan riots the intelligentsia led the movement for de-Stalinization. Afterward, however, the workers came to the fore, and the whole weight of the movement shifted from university halls, literary circles, and editorial offices to industrial workshops. These became the scene of something like a genuine revolution from below, developing just at the time when that "revolution from above" which Stalin had imposed on Poland was on the point of exhaustion and perhaps collapse. In this lay the strength of Polish Communism during the October crisis. The workers came to feel for the first time that the promise of Communism might after all be fulfilled, that they might become masters in their factories, and that the words "a workers' state" might cease to be empty. They were and still are inclined to credit the new Gomulka leadership with the intention of carrying out this program and so are prepared to back that leadership against anti-Communist assaults.

'Kerensky in Reverse?'

Gomulka seems to be aware that the best chance of his survival in independence from Russia, and of the survival of Polish Communism in general, lies in that newly emerged native strength of the Polish working class. Twice when in danger he has already appealed to that strength: first on October 19, when he threatened Khrushchev, Molotov, Mikoyan, and Kaganovich, on their arrival in Warsaw, that he would arm the workers of Warsaw against any Soviet inspired military coup; and then on October 22, when he sent the same workers—not the army or even the police—to disperse anti-Communist student demonstrations in the capital.

In this way, Gomulka managed for the time being to avert the threat of Soviet intervention and to check anti-Communism. The fact that he acted resolutely when threatened with Soviet intervention helped greatly to consolidate his position. For the first time since its inception, Polish Communism freed itself from the odium of being a Russian puppet condemned to remain forever in irreconcilable conflict with Polish national aspirations. Until then, the Poles had looked and could look only to anti-Communists to assert what they regarded as their national interest and national dignity. Now, for the first time in its long, checkered, and tragic career, Polish Communism had assumed the role of the exponent of the national longing for independence.

Faced with this situation, Moscow had to acknowledge Gomulka's ascendancy and to recognize that it was preferable from its own viewpoint that the heretical Communism of Gomulka rather than anti-Communism should find itself at the head of Poland's national resurgence. When Khrushchev arrived in Warsaw on October 19, he was not in fact motivated by any special hostility toward Gomulka—it was indeed far easier for him to come to terms with Gomulka than it had been to make apologies to Tito. What brought Khrushchev and his colleagues to Warsaw was, it seems, the fear that anti-Communist forces might gain the upper hand in the upheaval and that Gomulka, playing unwittingly the part of a "Kerensky in reverse," might pave the way for a counterrevolution. The fear was not altogether groundless. At any rate, some Polish anti-Communists certainly viewed the situation similarly, for they too looked upon Gomulka as upon a Kerensky in reverse.

Outburst in Budapest

It was, however, Imre Nagy who was cast for that part, although he was not destined to act it to the end. Like Gomulka, Nagy was at first acclaimed by Communists and anti-Communists alike and carried back to power on a wave of national enthusiasm. But in that wave the anti-Communist current from the beginning was much more powerful than the Communist one. The Hungarian party now had to pay the heaviest penalty for its rigid addiction to

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Stalinist orthodoxy. No large and important section of its membership had intimately and in good time identified itself with the popular revulsion against the Rákosi era. Ernö Gerö, whose name still symbolized that era to the popular mind, remained at the party's head even after the rehabilitation of László Rajk and his grimly provocative reburial. Only on the night of October 23-24, after the storm had broken over its head, did the Communist Party recall Nagy to the leadership. By this time Budapest was already the scene of civil war, and the weakness and the sense of isolation of Hungarian Communism showed itself in its panicky call for Soviet armed help after the first shots had been fired.

The alignment of social and political forces in Hungary on the eve of civil war was also very different from that which had taken shape in Poland. No agitation for workers' control over industry and no Communist "revolution from below" comparable to the Polish one had developed so as to enable the Communist régime to gain fresh strength and find a "proletarian class basis." Students and army officers took the initiative; the workers followed the intelligentsia's lead.

The Anti-Communists

Such, at any rate, appears to have been the situation in Budapest. In the provinces, two distinct centers of insurrection sprang into being, at Miskolc in the northeast and at Györ in the west. In both cities, Communists and anti-Communists were active, and in both cities they soon came to blows with one another. At Miskolc, the insurgents appealed to the country in the Marxist-Leninist idiom, and it was in the name of proletarian internationalism that they demanded the withdrawal of Soviet troops and the restoration of Hungary's sovereignty.

The real headquarters of the rising in the provinces was at Györ, where after an interval during which Attila Szigeti, a Communist, led the insurgents, the anti-Communists—among whom the clergy were prominent—gained the upper hand. It was no longer de-Stalinization that was the battle cry at Györ. It was "Down with Communism!"

The split in the rebel camp came to a head when the Communist insurgents, responding to the appeal of Nagy—their man—were ready to lay down their arms and demanded that their comrades in arms do the same. By this time, a religious peasantry had risen and thrown its weight behind the anti-Communists. This was apparently one of the decisive differences between Poland and Hungary: In Poland the peasantry had remained passive through all the phases of the crisis from the Poznan riots to the October upheaval.

In vain did Nagy's spokesmen now broadcast the desperate appeal: "We beg you, stop the slaughter. You have won. All your demands have been accepted." The anti-Communist insurgents did not agree that they had won, and as the insurrection was spreading over the countryside they played for ever higher stakes. Together with the call "Down with Communism!" went up their cry for the immediate withdrawal of all Soviet troops. This demand was as sure to arouse the passions of a nation driven to frenzy by Soviet armed intervention as it was unlikely to be accepted.

The ascendancy of anti-Communism found its spectacular climax with Cardinal Mindszenty's triumphal entry into Budapest to the accompaniment of the bells of all the churches of the city broadcast for the whole world to hear. The Cardinal became the spiritual head of the insurrection. A word of his now carried more weight than Nagy's appeals. If in the classical revolutions the political initiative shifts rapidly from Right to Left, here it shifted even more rapidly from Left to Right. Parties suppressed years ago sprang back into being, among them the formidable Smallholders' Party. The Communist Party disintegrated. Its newspaper *Szabad Nép* ceased to appear. Its insurgent members perished at Russian hands or at the hands of Hungarian anti-Communists. Its erstwhile leader, Gerö, was killed. Its powerless Premier hoped to avert the catastrophe by bowing to the storm and accepting every anti-Communist demand, until on October 30 he proclaimed the end of the single-party system and agreed to preside over a government in which the Communists did not have a majority. This spelled the end of the Communist régime, and Nagy drew the only logical conclusion from the fact when, on November 1, he proclaimed Hungary's neutrality and denounced the Warsaw Pact. He was now indeed "Kerensky in reverse."

Crisis in Moscow

The events in Poland and Hungary undoubtedly led to a grave political crisis in Moscow, by far the gravest since Stalin's death. That the Soviet ruling group was divided could be seen even during the Polish crisis, when the leaders of the three main factions came to Warsaw: Molotov and Kaganovich, the Stalinist die-hards; Mikoyan, the "liberal"; and Khrushchev, the middle-of-the-roader. Khrushchev's first inclination was to side with the die-hards and to use force or at least to threaten it.

Only when the threat failed and it turned out that the Polish upheaval did not after all imperil the Communist régime did Khrushchev reconcile himself to the new situation. The "liberals" in Moscow had won the day. But the Hungarian rising at once aggravated the division. Mikoyan, in Budapest, assisted by Gomulka's envoy on the spot and by Tito's appeals from across the frontier, negotiated for the withdrawal of Soviet troops, while the government in Moscow was preparing the declaration of October 30, in which it virtually committed itself to the withdrawal and openly confessed its errors in treating other countries as satellites. But Zhukov and Shepilov publicly stated on October 29 that Soviet troops would not be withdrawn before the Hungarian revolt was suppressed. Were perhaps the chief of the Soviet armed forces and the Minister of Foreign Affairs airing their differences with other party leaders?

The Soviet Army, it may be assumed, could have acted with greater vigor and determination at the beginning of the rising, between October 24 and 27, if it had not been hampered by divided counsels in Moscow and contradictory orders. When the army feigned a withdrawal from Budapest on October 30, it probably did so under pressure from the "liberals" in the Presidium who

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hoped that this would enable Nagy to establish a national Communist régime that would, like Gomulka's régime, still remain aligned with the Soviet bloc. This hope was dashed two and three days later, when the disintegration of Hungarian Communism became evident and Nagy denounced the Warsaw Pact.

THE "liberals" in Moscow had suffered a signal defeat. The die-hards of Stalinism and the army dictated policy, and they dictated renewed and more massive intervention. Probably no one in Moscow had the desire or the courage to defend Nagy, whose government was seen as due to be presently replaced by an openly anti-Communist régime—failing Soviet intervention. It was no longer Hungary but the whole of Russia's position in eastern Europe, in Germany, and in the world at large that was at stake. The collapse of Communism in Hungary was sure to increase a hundredfold the anti-Communist pressures everywhere. The Presidium was therefore probably unanimous in sanctioning the new Soviet intervention in Hungary.

The Mortgaged Estate

Its unanimity cannot last long, for it is not enough to crush the Hungarian insurrection to solve the problems posed by it. Stalin's successors are in the position of heirs to a heavily mortgaged estate who work hard to pay off the mortgage and yet are driven to contract new and heavy debts in order to save the estate. They have given up most of Stalin's methods of political control and economic exploitation, they have disbanded Russo-Hungarian, Russo-Romanian, and other joint-stock companies, they have repeatedly revised the terms of trade between Russia and eastern Europe in the latter's favor, they have given up bases in Finland, and so on and so on. Yet they have now burdened themselves in Hungary with a moral and political liability far worse than any bequeathed them by Stalin, who never had the need to use his armored divisions to keep the satellites in subjection. Stalin's successors cannot relinquish Stalin's eastern European estate. But can they hold it? If so, by what means?

These questions are now suddenly and dramatically placed in the very center of the controversy over de-Stalinization, which has been going on in Moscow almost incessantly. The die-hards of Stalinism assuredly blame de-Stalinization for the incalculable predicament in which Soviet policy has found itself. The "liberals" may argue that the predicament has arisen because there has been too little de-Stalinization, not too much. Both groups have enough grounds for attacks on Khrushchev. The "liberals" blame him for resisting de-Stalinization in eastern Europe, for backing the Rákosi régime far too long. The die-hards of Stalinism must blame him for his yielding to the pressure of the "liberals," for rehabilitating Tito and thereby starting the whole trouble, for the final removal of Rákosi from power, and for climbing down before Gomulka.

THIS is not all. The great controversy over domestic policy that raged two years ago and was resolved in February, 1955, by Malenkov's dismissal from the Premiership is bound to revive. That controversy has had a close bearing on the eastern European upheaval. What exasperated the Polish and Hungarian masses and gave to their political discontent its present explosive pow-

er is the acute shortage of consumer goods. In vain the Communist leaders of eastern Europe have repeatedly pressed Moscow to help alleviate the shortages.

Moscow has not been able to spare the foodstuffs and other consumer goods needed. In part at least, this has been due to the decision, taken two years ago, to curtail the expansion of Soviet consumer industries which had been planned under Malenkov. The example then given by Moscow was followed in Warsaw, Budapest, and other eastern European capitals, where Malenkov men were defeated or kept at bay and the anti-consumer bias continued to govern economic policy. Thus the advocates of the pro-consumer policy can now point out that their defeat two years ago has turned out to be an international disaster for Russia and Communism.

No Road Back

Khrushchev's position seems to be gravely compromised. Whether he remains in his present post or not, his prestige and influence are on the decline. His middle-of-the-road policy has certainly not stood the test of events well.

Will the die-hards of Stalinism come back? This does not seem very probable, and it may even no longer be very important. Whoever is in power in Moscow, there is no road back to Stalinism. Twice since Stalin's death the attempt has been made to reimpose Stalinist orthodoxy; first after the Berlin rising of 1953 at the time of Beria's fall, then once again at the time of Malenkov's dismissal.

Both attempts failed and served only to stimulate de-Stalinization. Russian de-Stalinization too has its own irresistible momentum, even if it is not as explosive as the east European, and it carries away and presses into its service even those who try to stem it. (This, incidentally, has been the case with Khrushchev himself.)

The crisis in eastern Europe cannot save the residuum of Stalinism in Russia even if the die-hards of Stalinism were to come back. It can only hasten its disintegration. Once again the real choice before Moscow is between more democratization and a more radical break with Stalinism on the one hand and some form of military dictatorship, authoritarian but not Stalinist, on the other. Events in Hungary may postpone the decision but only to make the issue more pressing and burning.

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Before the Earthquake In Poland

S. L. SHNEIDERMAN

FOR ANYONE familiar with the intellectual ferment in Poland since Stalin's death, there was no reason to be surprised by the recent upheaval there.

Poland was the first Iron Curtain country to disseminate the secret speech in which Khrushchev attacked Stalin's reputation. The Polish Communist leaders who had attended the Twentieth Communist Congress in Moscow last February brought back with them not only the Khrushchev address but also the remains of their First Secretary, Boleslaw Bierut. He had died of a heart attack, believed to have been brought on by Khrushchev's catalogue of the crimes of the Stalin régime. There had been rumors that Bierut committed suicide, or even that he had been murdered and that his body had been mutilated. To squelch these rumors, Bierut's body had to be shown to the public; so he lay in state for days while a steady stream of mourners—and doubting Thomases—filed past his bier.

It was this grisly spectacle, some believe, that precipitated Poland's "earthquake"—to adopt the term used not only by the émigré press but also by papers in Poland.

The Eggheads Began It

The Polish rebellion against Soviet oppression, which was taken up by the workers at the time of the Poznan riots last June, was set off by the intellectuals, whose long-repressed feelings found their strongest public expression during the Nineteenth Culture Session, which took place in Warsaw in March. In the halls of the Palace of Culture, a monstrosity of Soviet wedding-cake architecture that bore Stalin's name, the Polish writers and artists indicted his régime for first destroying the creative instinct in Soviet Russia and then systematically stifling it in other Communist countries.

The discussion was opened by the critic Jan Kot, who is regarded as the official spokesman for Polish Communist intellectuals. His address "Mythology and the Truth" was a scathing attack on party-line socialist realism, whose only object,

he said, was to gloss over the crimes of the régime.

"A literature that is forbidden to speak of these crimes, a literature that remains silent about trials which have roused the consciences of the world," Kot contended, "must sink deeper and deeper in lies, and more and more into a perverted vision of reality . . . For human conscience and for artistic creativeness these were dark years. Many of us who lived through them will spend the rest of our lives atoning for the moral consent we gave to these misdeeds."

The poet Antoni Slonimski would go even further: "Our mistakes of the past, we are told, lie in hewing to the 'cult of the individual.' . . . The 'cult of the individual' is not responsible; it is a political system which enables individual human beings to wreak such havoc."

The young writer Witold Wirprza has been particularly outspoken in his denunciation of the lying, the crimes, and the duplicity that have been tolerated in the Communist Party: "Was there ever a moment in my life," he has asked, "when I was truly convinced that the heroes of the Moscow trials [of the 1930's] were traitors and agents of fascism? No, I always had doubts about their guilt. Perhaps not doubts so much as a feeling of uneasiness. In a large measure, I repressed this uneasiness as I would swallow gall; yet I kept on draining larger and bitterer drafts."

The writer Arthur Sandauer warned his audience in the Palace of Culture that repentance alone was not enough: "If we must accept the principle that the machine can only be repaired by the man who wrecked it, then we are lost."

THE VIEWPOINT of the student publication *Po Prostu* has frequently supported the struggle for an "independent Polish road to socialism"—free, that is, of Moscow's domination.

The students' attitude is particularly significant because most of the students of prewar Poland were rock-bound reactionaries. The change may be traced in part to the policy that brought tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of workers and peasants into the universities. This new student generation quickly became an important factor in the Polish Communist Party; and, as in Hungary, the youngsters who were supposed to have become fully indoctrinated Communist automatons have turned out to be the boldest and most independent critics and fighters.

The Slogans Lose Their Meaning

The revolt of the intellectuals encouraged the workers to demand that something be done about alleviating their misery and increasing their wages beyond the starvation level. Their demands were at first ignored by the bureaucrats. Finally there were the riots at Poznan.

After Poznan, and especially during the trials of those implicated in the riots, the workers and the intellectuals were united. In the issue of the Union of Polish Writers' *Nowa Kultura* that appeared on Warsaw newsstands the very day Khrushchev arrived in the Polish capital, there was a strongly worded

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article by Zygmund Florczak entitled "Talks with the West."

"What do we mean today by the slogan 'Workers of the World, Unite'?" Florczak asked. "It is a slogan that has no meaning today. Try to appeal to the workers of Australia with it. Would you ask them to share the lot of the Polish worker? Wages in Australia are so high that the workers have no desire to fight for a higher living standard. In Poland, on the other hand, the workers have to resort to armed revolt for nothing more than the barest necessities of life. The slogans which meant something in Marx's day have become obsolete today."

Florczak went on to ridicule the Communist press reports on human exploitation in the capitalist countries. "The hungry workers of the People's Democracies cannot be convinced that the workers of West Germany, who earn enough to buy bread and butter and television sets, can be stirred to take arms against their employers just because the employer can buy ten television sets to the worker's one. The workers of the world will never unite on a mere abstract principle."

No wonder Florczak's article was the main target of the attack that appeared in *Pravda* after the Polish-Soviet conflict broke out.

The Words of a Leader

During a visit to Poland just before the Poznan riots, I met a number of the Communist leaders who now hold power. Some had just been released from prison or from house confinement. One of them spoke to me with sublime optimism about projected reforms that he was certain the Soviets would not dare to block because—as he expressed it—"to do so would risk the destruction of the foundations of the Soviet empire.

"I appreciate the fear of some of my friends about the temporary character of this new development toward democratization," he said. "Nevertheless, it is my feeling that the cult of the omnipotent ruler, on which our old régime was based, is dead. A day has come when the struggle of the masses of men toward personal freedom cannot be halted; it can only be delayed. The new rulers' change of heart did not spring from humanitarianism. It arose out of a sober appraisal of the people's pent-up fury. So it doesn't much matter who takes the place of this or that party secretary, or even who becomes Prime Minister. The era of terror is ended."

Our conversation took place at the Café Telimena in Warsaw, near the Ministry of Culture and the Polish Writers' Club. It is a favorite meeting place for literary and political rebels. When I asked the very well-known political figure with whom I was talking whether he was not afraid of being overheard, he replied: "The people who come to this café have already suffered as much punishment as they can endure, and yet they still have sharp tongues in their heads." Then he added ironically, "Besides, it is no longer fashionable to eavesdrop on café conversations."

The Gomulka Paradox

Among the prison-hardened Communists who have now emerged as national spokesmen of the oppressed people of Poland, the most prominent, of course, is Wladyslaw Gomulka. There are a number of paradoxes in his career. At the end of the war he served as one of the master builders of the Stalinist state in Poland, and yet five years later he became its most famous victim.

On the few occasions when Vice-Premier Gomulka failed to follow the Stalinist line, he was restrained by practical rather than ideological

considerations. He opposed agricultural collectivization because he understood the Polish peasants a lot better than the official theoreticians did and because he was more realistic in appraising what the reactions to these sweeping changes would be. For his gradualism, Gomulka was called a Titoist, was ejected from the party, and in 1949 disappeared from public life. His six years in jail made him into a national hero.

Gomulka's resurgence has tempered the bitterness of the Polish people against the economic enslavement that Russia had inflicted upon them. If Gomulka had been liquidated, as the opponents of Stalin had been in other "People's Democracies," the Polish revolt would almost certainly have been even bloodier than that in Hungary, where the most that can be done for leading anti-Stalinists is to transplant them from one grave to another. Because its "traitors" and "Titoists" were kept alive in cold storage, ready to be defrosted at the proper moment, Poland has been spared the full horrors of civil war.

In Gomulka's first public appearance since his imprisonment, on October 19, he spoke for four hours to the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party. His detailed review of political events in Poland since 1949 and his carefully documented appraisal of the nation's economy would seem to indicate that he had not been entirely out of touch with what went on outside the prison walls.

Although he announced that a commission would be established to investigate the imprisonment of the victims of the Stalin era, he spoke without bitterness of his own imprisonment and emphasized that his trials had not made him vindictive.

Gomulka praised the Poznan demonstrators for having "given a well-deserved lesson to the party and the government." And in discussing the urgency for reform in Poland's economy, he suggested that even "the Progressive Catholic movement might compete with us in devising new avenues toward success in the co-operative field." He insisted that it is absurd to believe that socialism can be built only by Communists, or by men "whose viewpoint is wholly materialistic." Still, he *was* talking about building socialism.

PROBABLY when Khrushchev stretched out his hand to Gomulka, he did it in the hope that Gomulka would turn out to be, of all things, another Tito.

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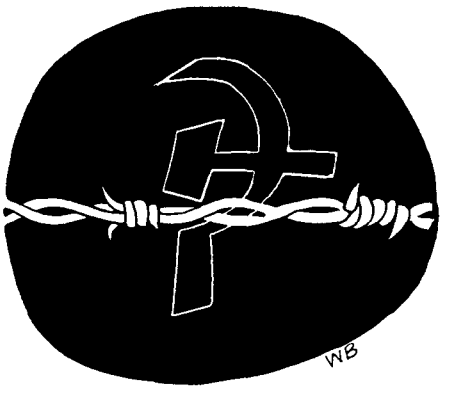
Hungary: The First Six Days



LESLIE B. BAIN

BUDAPEST

THE FIRST PEOPLE who found themselves in the field against the Communist régime in Hungary were those whom that régime had pampered the most: writers, journalists, engineers, athletes, students, artists, and the like. Nine-tenths of those who started the demonstrations were students whose tuition and living expenses were paid by the government and who had been picked from the families of workers, peasants, and Communist Party officials. Yet they marched into the open to make their demands and then, when these were refused, stayed in the streets to fight. The first blood on the fateful evening of October 23 was shed by men of this kind.

Down with Stalin!

After the first demonstration that Tuesday in Parliament Square, half of the two hundred thousand demonstrators went home. The other half broke into several groups and marched through the streets. One of these went to Kossuth Radio House to broadcast its demands. These had been published earlier in leaflets; and while each university group had a slightly different set, which varied to include specific grievances at different schools, the main political demands were the same as those that had been drawn up two days earlier during a mass meeting of students at Szeged. They included the extradition and punishment of Mátyás Rákosi, the dismissal of Ernö Gerö, the appointment of Imre Nagy as Premier, the removal of Soviet shields to be replaced by Kossuth shields as Hungary's emblem, and the adjustment of taxes, wages, and working hours.

A deputation of three students followed by thousands more arrived at the radio station, which had been heavily occupied by the AVH, the hated and dreaded security police. The AVH ordered the demonstrators to disband, then brought out tear gas and fire hoses to halt the masses of students pouring in from all sides.

The students attacked with pots and pans and pieces of coal they had picked up at a nearby restaurant. The AVH began firing—first into the air, later into the surging students. Another group of students raced to an arms plant, where more shooting developed. A third group of students went to the Stalin Memorial, and there a detachment of police joined forces with them. Stalin's statue came toppling down before a happy, dancing crowd.

But at the broadcasting station the situation rapidly deteriorated. A Hungarian Army detachment arrived and demanded a cease-fire. The students obeyed but the AVH refused to evacuate the building. When two army officers were shot, the army retaliated instantly, and so began the first pitched battle between the army and the AVH. New army detachments arrived and began distributing weapons to the students. By eleven o'clock, several thousand students had arms, and the first round of the battle was won. The army received orders to withdraw.

During the night more guns were acquired by the students, who had by now developed a taste for fighting. The city police either joined them or gave up their arms willingly. Even so, the students were not much of a fighting force.

Workers, Arise!

It was 4 A.M. when the first Soviet tanks and armored cars arrived in the city. Overnight another series of events had occurred. Workers in the suburbs had held meetings and drawn up demands generally in line with those of the students. To these had been added several specific points about factory-management councils and general increases in wages. At dawn the workers began marching into the city. Only about fifteen hundred of them were armed. All the rest had nothing but their bare hands and flags. No one was in command. Whoever spoke the loudest or made the most sense was obeyed. Impromptu committees and delegations formed, but the general impression was of huge convergent masses chanting slogans such as "Down with Gerö!" "Punish the murderers!" "We want Nagy!" Later in the morning, another cry was taken up that was heard all through the subsequent days: "Out with the Russkies!"

All through this second day furious battles raged. On one side were seventy Soviet tanks, fifty armored cars, and small arms and automatic weapons. On the other were twenty-five thousand students and nearly two hundred thousand workers steadily pouring in from outlying districts. The rebels had at this time about four thousand small arms. To escape the wildly shooting Soviets and AVH men, the insurgents broke into small groups and occupied strategic corner buildings. Some entrenched themselves in military barracks. But still there was no central command, and each rebel unit operated on its own. This lack of organization contributed largely to the heavy casualties. No one plotted this revolt. It just happened.

The second night brought great changes in the situation. Nagy became Prime Minister. The rebel groups disbanded. Only a few remained manning the barricades. The night was quiet.

At this point it did not seem likely that the revolt would continue. It probably would not have gone on but for the tragic events that occurred between ten and eleven the next morning. A peaceful and unarmed demonstration arrived before the Parliament Building to shout

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for another set of resolutions. There were Russian tanks in the square, but the drivers were smiling and friendly. Seeing a crowd numbering ten thousand arriving, the Hungarian security forces opened fire. The Russians also started shooting. More than a hundred persons died within ten minutes.

Within an hour the people's rage was beyond control, and the rebellion spread. Groups poured from all over carrying Hungarian flags. They defied Soviet and AVH fire during the rest of the day and the night following. Ceaseless fire broke out in all parts of the city. This third wave of revolt included nearly everybody. Among the bravest were both Communist and anti-Communists. There was still no command. The rebels had about five thousand rifles and nearly two thousand automatic rifles. However, the army units (which participated in the opening battles alongside the people but later went back to their barracks) had a number of heavy machine guns and grenades.

Gerö's removal was announced during the night. The unarmed rebels went home, and now the fighting against the Soviet troops and the AVH was carried on solely by diehards.

On the fourth day, peace seemed near. Nagy had guaranteed amnesty. The last remnants of the first student bands surrendered. They considered that their demands had been met. So too, with some minor exceptions, did the workers from the surburbs. Practically all the citizens' groups that had been engaged in the fight started preaching and practicing cease-fire.

Up to then, at the height of battle the Soviet forces numbered 310 tanks, half of them heavy, 250 armored combat vehicles, and ten thousand men. What there was of the rebellion in the provinces was confined to meetings passing resolutions that were sent to Nagy and organizing local administration. One exception was Magyarovar, a small township between Györ and the Austrian border, where the local AVH opened fire and the ensuing massacre claimed eighty-five lives.

Popular pressure exacted more and more concessions from the government, and the price of peace continued to rise. There was still some firing by groups fighting independently of any line of command. By Saturday, the fifth day, accurate counting was possible. The rebel army could still count on about eight thousand fighters, while another thirty thousand could be mobilized on short notice. Still the rebels had no leaders and not much of a program beyond "Out with the Russkies!" and "Down with the AVH!"

The Gentle Rebels

It is difficult if not altogether impossible to convey any notion of these people's fighting gallantry. Wherever the rebels were students and workers, there was not a single case of looting. Shop windows without glass were filled with desirable goods, yet nothing was touched. An incident I saw will illustrate this. Windows from a candy store and an adjacent flower shop were smashed and the sidewalk was littered with candy boxes. All these boxes were replaced in the glassless windows, but the flowers strewn about were gathered and placed on the bodies of dead rebels.

The masses of embattled students and workers never became a mob, but from time to time there appeared a few groups of marginal characters who gathered on street corners and started yelling "Exterminate the Jews!" Several cases of hard liquor were freely distributed and many people got drunk.

Nothing like this happened where either students or workers were assembled, but there was enough anti-Semitism around during the first night as well as during subsequent days to present a distinct danger signal in a country which only recently had gone through several years of intense Jew hating and which had maintained an official anti-Semitic policy since 1919. During the fifth and sixth days I saw four people attacked and beaten because they may have been Jews. Not severely, but nevertheless their clothes were torn and they were bleeding. The slogan was that Rákosi, Gerö, and Mihaly Farkas—three Jews—were responsible for all the misery that had descended on the country. Still, during the first six days of the revolt these episodes could be considered both sporadic and exceptional.

Rising Nationalist Tide

Here and there, wherever a group started rioting, a few individuals seemed inclined to strike a note of extreme nationalism. I even wondered at times whether these nationalist elements had a supreme command. I did my best to find it, but I never succeeded in obtaining any convincing evidence. Yet the nationalist tide kept rising. A close associate of Nagy admitted on Saturday, the fifth day, that the revolt was beyond the control of those who had started it. Nagy decided that a final bid should be made. He advanced a program: The revolt was to be declared a national patriotic uprising and was to be handled as such. Again, he proposed an amnesty for all rebels and dissolution of the AVH, and promised the early withdrawal of all Soviet troops from Budapest and negotiations with Moscow for removal of all Soviet troops from Hungarian soil. The next day he appointed non-Communists Béla Kovacs and Zoltan Tildy to Cabinet posts. Two days later he announced the formation of a new Cabinet ending the one-party system and promised that free elections would be held.

The Nagy government kept floundering. The insurrection drifted. Then on Sunday, November 4, the Russian tanks that had been ringing the city opened fire.

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The Short Career Of Poet Istvan

EDMOND TAYLOR

VIENNA

IF HE IS still alive, Istvan B., a twenty-two-year-old member of the university students' committee that triggered off the Budapest uprising, no doubt continues to take a pride in his country's tragically glorious "October Revolution" that neither the subsequent Soviet repression nor any future revolution is likely to erase. When I talked with this young would-be poet, however, during a trip into Hungary on the eve of the brutal Soviet reoccupation, he had some refreshingly unorthodox views about the Hungarian freedom movement and his own role in it that sound even more moving and significant today.

"On the first day of the revolution I wrote an ode to freedom and published it in our underground newspaper," Istvan, a slim, eager, dark-eyed intellectual of upper-middle-class background told me as we jolted across the plains of western Hungary in a commandeered Budapest bus with a delegation of his revolutionary comrades. "Later I discovered all the poets in the other revolutionary groups were doing the same thing and every one of these poems was as bad as mine. This confirms my theory that revolution is the historic seedbed of dilettante poetry, and I hope that things settle down again before I am spoiled for good."

I MET Istvan in Györ. In the course of a stroll through the city with another American reporter we had been waylaid in front of the implausibly grandiose city hall, where the local revolutionary council was sitting, by a large, heavy-jowled citizen in a gray wool cap who proudly proclaimed that he had been born in Gary, Indiana, on the strength of which he proceeded to scold American policy with almost demented violence. America, he ranted in the clanging robot tones of pure delusion, should send an ultimatum to Moscow saying "Order your troops out of Hungary under a white flag or we will drop atom bombs on you!" As I was trying to escape from this sinister bore —not an easy thing to achieve because of the crowd gathered to gape at the fascinating westerners—a young voice addressed me in cultured English.

"It's true, as this man says, that all Hungarians feel you owe us military aid if we have need of it," the voice said, "but some of us believe that political and moral pressures will prove much more effective against the Russians than force."

I turned and saw Istvan. "Is that true in Budapest?" I asked him.

"In a way, yes," he answered, "but it's a rather long and complicated story."

I said I wanted to hear it, so we edged out of the crowd, leaving my unfortunate companion to cope with the exile from Indiana. A few minutes later I was aboard the bus, which was piloted by a bewildered but philosophical employee of the Budapest transit company in the uniform of his calling, as the guest of Istvan and his friends—half a dozen young men and women from the Budapest committee. There was also a middle-aged woman doctor who had joined them in the vague belief that she might be able to pick up some medical supplies somewhere for the wounded.

Message of Sanity

"Most of us in the Revolutionary Committee of University Students are what you might call political agnostics," Istvan explained. "We believe in national independence and in the basic democratic freedoms. We are ready to work with any group, Right or Left, that accepts this basic program, and we want to keep all the democratic forces in the nation united as they have been during the revolution. Meanwhile we think that Imre Nagy, even though he is a Communist, has the best chance of keeping the country from falling to pieces and of negotiating successfully with the Russians for the withdrawal of their troops. We are trying to persuade all the other revolutionary groups to support him until free elections can be held.

"We urge keeping on with the general strike until the Russians have agreed in writing to leave Hungary by a specified and reasonable date, but we also warn everyone not to endanger the victory of our revolution by provoking the Soviet forces while negotiations are continuing."

To spread this message of sanity as widely as possible, Istvan proposed to visit all the important towns and villages between Györ and the Austrian border, distributing his committee's newspaper and assorted leaflets and haranguing the local revolutionaries in the chief centers. Then, if the bus was allowed to cross the border, he hoped to continue to Vienna, making contact with Austrian students and returning the next day with a load of medical supplies.

ALL MORNING and most of the afternoon we rolled across the flat Hungarian countryside. In the smaller villages with their rutted, muddy lanes, their flocks of fat cackling geese, and their thatched cottages shaped in the immemorial peasant culture of eastern Europe, the bus would merely slow down while the girls scattered leaflets out of the open windows to bemused militiamen of the revolution in their high leather boots and quilted or sheepskin jackets. In the larger villages and towns we would stop in the market square and hand out newspapers to the eager crowds that instantly surrounded us—soldiers of the regular army with their Soviet-style shoulderboards; young workers and schoolboys in patched, threadbare civilian clothes with the tricolor arm bands of the volunteer militia and tommy guns carelessly slung over their shoulders; arrogant-looking ex-officers in riding pants and leather jackets.

Sometimes Istvan or one of his comrades would talk to the crowd

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from the steps of the bus. On other occasions he invited the local revolutionary leaders to come aboard.

Mostly the provincial revolutionists treated the young Budapest intellectuals with respect and affection, but occasionally the students' pleas to rally around Nagy produced looks of cold suspicion from extremist elements among them.

I understood this suspicion better when Istvan told me about his own political background and explained how he and his friends got caught up in the revolutionary movement. Unlike many older, more conservative elements of the population, Istvan, apparently in common with most Hungarian youth, opposed an alignment with the West and favored a policy of neutrality, combining close relations with both Austria and the Communist "People's Democracies."

"It was our group that launched the demonstration of October 23 which detonated the revolutionary explosion," he told me, "but until the secret police fired on us in front of the radio station we had no idea of starting a revolution. Our idea was only to express our sympathy with the Poles. We wore the Polish national colors, not the Hungarian ones, in our buttonholes. At the time you couldn't have got the students to turn out for anything more revolutionary than that."

How Istvan Found Himself

At one time, Istvan and his friends had evidently believed that the ultimate goals of Communism were close to their own humanitarian ideal. The judicial murder of László Rajk, and even more the arrest of Imre Nagy, had convinced them that the moral pretensions of Stalinist Communism were patently a monstrous fraud.

Long before the Moscow ultimatum to Poland they had somehow come to the conclusion that post-Stalinist Soviet Communism was also "a big lie." Some of them, Istvan said, had looked to Tito for a while, but his failure to lift a finger in Hungary's aid had wiped out Titoism overnight as a political or intellectual factor in Hungary. Istvan himself had some admiration for Gomulka, but more as a Polish nationalist than as a Communist. So in the end the students were left with nothing but their vaguely democratic agnostic humanitarianism. But in listening to Istvan talk, I got the impression that during the past year this humanitarianism had gradually been developing a more and more positive content and that the students, without quite realizing what they were doing, had increasingly begun in a timid and literary way to oppose the whole Communist system.

Two things had turned Istvan from a mere intellectual opponent of Communism into a rebel against the régime: his patriotism, which had been aroused by Polish national resistance, and his humanitarianism, outraged by the brutal massacre of his comrades.

EVEN after the first blood had been spilled, however, Istvan and many other students hesitated to take up arms against their government.

"It was the workers who started the actual armed insurrection," he said. "They called us cowards and opportunists because we hesitated at first before joining them on the barricades. But it was our moral duty to reflect on whether we really had the right to use violence. As educated men we must be sure that we are guided by reason and not simply emotion. When we satisfied ourselves that reason and justice were on the side of the revolution, we got arms and joined up with the workers. They fought magnificently, but I think we students did all right too."

Leaflet Warfare

From one perspective Istvan may appear simply as a slightly Hamlet-like young idealist, grappling more or less effectively with the age-old problem of violence and unreason in human affairs, or at best as a romantic revolutionist in the tradition of 1848 trying to set back the hands of history. But the practical and even strategic implications of his idealism or romanticism became clearer to me. One local revolutionary council had disturbingly circumstantial news of heavy Soviet troop reinforcements pouring into Hungary from the east and north. Morale in the town was very low, and when word got around that an American newspaperman was in the bus a clamor arose for immediate American military aid to save Hungarian freedom.

Istvan, however, took the news calmly. "It won't change anything in the long run," he said. "Every third Soviet tank that was engaged against us in Budapest was put out of action and we killed a lot of Soviet troops, but that was not what defeated them. It was the psychological shock of seeing a whole nation rise up against them as one man. They thought there were eight hundred thousand Communists in Hungary but they could barely find twenty thousand to defend the Communist régime."

Istvan knows a little Russian, and with the help of two friends who knew a little more he hastily printed a few hundred leaflets in Russian. Then during a lull in the fighting the three of them walked among the Soviet troops handing out their leaflets.

"The common soldier just said '*Nitchevo*,' and motioned us to get moving," Istvan continued. "But many of the Soviet officers were very upset and tried to apologize for what they were doing, saying they had been misled by reports about fascist revolutionaries and so on.

"These fellows have a conscience. That's what you people in the West fail to understand. That makes it all the worse for them when they come up against something like the Budapest uprising. It isn't only that they have to shoot down unarmed women and children. They have to fire into the masses. They have to shoot down the revolution. They have to stand against history. That breaks their spirit."

WE ARRIVED at the Austrian border. "We'll spend the evening at Maxim's in Vienna," said Istvan with the traditional Hungarian zest for leavening high thinking with high living, "and you can come back to Budapest with us tomorrow if that strikes you as a good program."

It struck me as a wonderful program, but it was destined to remain incomplete, for Istvan's group was not allowed to cross.

A few hours after I reluctantly said good-by to them, Soviet armed forces in a sudden pounce sealed off the border and threw up a roadblock on the road to Györ.

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The Life and Times Of a Slum Landlord

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

A MAN I shall call Dan Marner, a typical metropolitan slum landlord, once had a friend. He was a real friend, not just another useful contact in the local Bureau of Buildings or land-record office, and before he and Dan broke up over a roofing contract he gave him a Christmas present. It was a game of Monopoly.

Dan never used it. He studied the rules carefully and then shelved it. For several years it has lain in a ledger case beside his scarred desk, gathering office dust. "It was those 'Community Chest' cards you got to pick," said the estranged friend later. "Dan Marner couldn't bring himself to give anything to charity even in a game."

Dan himself explains that the game sounds foolish. To him it probably does: In Monopoly, the winning player usually must acquire the most expensive properties on the board—"Park Avenue" and "the Boardwalk." Dan knows that real estate doesn't work that way. In the twenty years he has been working the shabby side of his city's map, he hasn't had to pay the "Community Chest" or "Go to Jail" once, and he has been a consistent winner. On paper, indeed, he is a millionaire, the title owner of 327 deeds. Each month he grosses $6,000 from rents and auxiliary sources. His expenses are comparatively small—his three sons act as office and field assistants, slum tax assessments are low, and Dan never repairs houses voluntarily.

At sixty-two, Dan is a dour, bespectacled man, wise in the ways of the drab districts that dot every metropolis on the eastern seaboard—districts built before the Civil War, paved with Victorian cobblestones, and peppered today with pawnshops, cut-rate drugstores, and warped doors bearing the crudely chalked names of tenants. The increase of traffic in the interiors of cities long ago sent the original householders to suburbs on the perimeter. Into the vacuum they left, men like Dan moved—first as managers, later as landlords.

The Forty Thieves

Dan's headquarters is in a dingy office building on the edge of the slum. There his tenants—some colored, some white—bring their weekly money and humbly wait in line while his sons stamp their rent books, which are small and black and resemble bankbooks. Some tenants send money orders, but none mail cash. Long ago they learned that since there is no record of a cash mailing, they have no recourse if Dan tells them their envelopes have been lost in the mails. Like many professional slum landlords, he has a reputation for sharp practice. The office building, which he shares with several competitors, is known in the trade as "the Den of the Forty Thieves."

Dan's reputation doesn't affect his business, and so it doesn't bother him. Within obvious limits, he is candid, and he will open his records to the outsider who guarantees him anonymity. They reveal that his typical house was built about forty-five years ago, is on the outskirts of the downtown area in his city, is overcrowded, lacks plumbing, has no central heating, and frequently lacks heating equipment altogether. Dan rents it for $28 a month. It costs the occupant $9 more for utilities, which means that the typical tenant, who makes less than $2,000 a year, spends a quarter of it on housing characterized by defective wiring, blind rooms, an outside toilet, a leaking roof, and massive rat infestation.

Unless he is goaded by the law, Dan pockets the two per cent depreciation allowed him under the Federal tax laws and mends nothing. Suggestions that he should do otherwise baffle him. To Dan, his career is not merely defensible; it is admirable.

"What I did," he says, peering over his steel-rimmed glasses at the files of paying tenants, "any of them could do."

Success Story

That is a difficult argument to answer, because it is literally true. Like most of the other Forty Thieves, Dan is a product of the slum. His rise is a kind of twisted Horatio Alger story. Tubercular as a youth, he left school in the seventh grade, married early, and was earning $18 a week in a canning factory when the depression threw him on relief. In 1934, after two years on the dole, he rented a vacant house, agreeing to clean it for the first two weeks' rent. He swiped a rusty bedspring from a junk yard, set it up on four soapboxes, and advertised a room for rent. Saving his coins and assembling other makeshift beds, he converted the vacant building into a profitable flophouse.

The owner of the house, an elderly woman who had inherited money and moved to a suburb, admired Dan's ingenuity. She owned five occupied buildings in the same block.

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Times were hard, the occupants were in arrears, and she appointed Dan her rent collector. He was so persistent at extorting money from his neighbors that one, in exasperation, slugged him. The story made the papers. The public may have disapproved of Dan's methods but other absentee property owners decided he was just the man they needed. He became the busy manager of several estates, charging, under standard practice, a five per cent commission on the rents he collected.

Actually he charged much more, if those who knew him then are to be believed. According to them, Dan, knowing that absentee landlords rarely visit their properties, extracted money from them for repairs he never made. At the same time, it is contended, he jacked up rents on his own authority and kept the difference. Dan admits none of this. But it is a matter of record that in two years he had saved enough to buy his first house, a two-story shack offered by the city in a tax sale.

The following year he bought his second house in a low-income white neighborhood. Dan moved a Negro family in and took advantage of the neighbors' panic to buy four more homes in the same block at bargain prices. He had to mortgage everything he had to do it, but today the street is a respectable colored district, a faithful producer of weekly money orders. He has acted as a "blockbuster" on several occasions since, serving as an incidental agent of desegregation.

Dan goes into debt frequently. Every cent he makes goes into new property. In courthouse circles he has a reputation for not being able to answer a judgment without selling a house. If a house becomes burdensome, he usually finds it profitable to have the mortgage foreclosed. He will keep it until he has cleared his investment and then cut off payments to the building-and-loan association. Occasionally the auctioneer will fail to meet his expectations, and he will be obliged to pay the association a small deficiency decree, but as a rule he finds foreclosure cheaper than a broker's commission.

Some Artful Dodges

All other things being equal, Dan prefers colored tenants to white.

Negroes, confined to the slum by social pressures, are of all types. White families can live elsewhere, however, and those he gets are inclined to be irresponsible. There is one exception to this: The handicapped of all races are sound risks. Late in the 1930's, for example, Dan took in a veteran of the Argonne, a chronic victim of combat shock. The man, unmarried, received $125 a month from the Veterans Administration. He regularly turned his check over to Dan, who saw to it he was supplied with coffee and beans from the corner grocery until his death, which Dan deeply regretted.

Exploiting the handicapped may seem beneath a millionaire, but Dan doesn't look at it that way. "Life is dog eat dog," he says, shrugging and spreading his hands. "It's survival of the fittest." His fortune has been built from stacks of small change, and no device is too petty for him. If a Department of Highways inspector insists he repair one of his sidewalks—a twenty-five-dollar job—Dan dutifully takes out a Bureau of Buildings permit, indicating that he intends to do the work. The permit costs one dollar and gives him thirty days' grace. By then the inspector is looking over another neighborhood. When he returns next year and finds the walk worse, Dan will explain that he has been unable to find a contractor. He will take out another permit as evidence of his good faith. He is prepared to go on from permit to permit, always promising and never performing, to avoid paying that $25.

On the other hand, he knows all his rights. Since Dan's days as a rent collector, the city has established a small-claims court, and he is one of its steadiest customers. In theory, the court is for taxpayers who cannot afford to press extensive suits. Actually, two-thirds of its docket entries are rent cases, with the city acting as agent for complaining landlords. If a tenant falls into arrears, Dan drops into the court, fills out a slip, and pays a one-dollar fee. A policeman then serves a summons on the tenant. Most occupants of slum homes are terrified of authority. Frequently the tax tenant will borrow the cash that day and rush to Dan, who will also recover the one-dollar summons charge from him.

Dan's War Effort

Dan's big property gains were made during the war. On the eve of Pearl Harbor, he was worth about $100,000. He held title to thirty-four houses, acquired at public tax sales, from out-of-town heirs unfamiliar with local values, or from hard-pressed owners needing quick cash. Each month, his records show, he was grossing between $850 and $900 in rentals, and he was branching out. He had become a professional bondsman, pledging his property as collateral. His eldest son hung around police stations soliciting business. Dan always made certain his bonds were secured by chattel mortgages, and he always demanded the maximum legal interest—ten per cent in Federal court, five in local courts. Each year he met a score of bonds and took in upward of two thousand dollars in bail fees. He had plenty of free capital—too much, indeed, to suit him. "I was uneasy," he says. "I figured someone would find out and make an excuse to sue me for something."

Unfortunately, investment opportunities were limited. The specter of competition was rearing its head: Other landlords were bidding against Dan at auctions, and the market was tight. He wanted to pioneer a new field by buying a block of Victorian mansions on the slum fringe and converting them into apartments, but the zoning statute prohibited it. Then, at the appro-

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priate time, the Japs attacked. War industry boomed, and the city was invaded by Southerners who wanted to work but had no place to live. Dan took a plunge. He bought the block, went to the zoning-appeals board, and explained he would house the war workers if the board would overlook the law. It worked: His peculiar contribution to the war effort was accepted.

"I didn't get the Army-Navy 'E'," he recalls, "but I got a precedent, and in 1946 I got rid of all those hillbillies by moving one Negro family in."

Getting Out from Under

Dan's one serious challenge has come from the local Health Department. Late in the war the department set up a housing bureau, and under its leadership a team of inspectors invaded the slum, looking for infractions of the law. In one fourteen-block area, with 791 properties, they found 13,589 health, building, fire, and electrical violations. Notices were issued ordering repairs, and the team moved on, checking off kerosene space heaters, outdoor hoppers, exposed wiring, and sagging walls. A week later they struck the first of Dan's blocks.

The campaign was a real threat to him. Structural repairs are expensive—mending his houses properly would have taken more money than he had, or so he now says. He began by protesting that his property rights were being invaded, but the inspectors had strong public support. Protest failing, Dan quietly told each of his tenants he could buy the house he was renting with no down payment. The terms were farcical; Dan retained the deeds, and he was permitted to cancel the contract if one weekly payment was one day late. Most occupants fell for the "buy-instead-of-rent" gimmick, however, until Dan started forwarding Health Department notices to them. Ownership, he piously explained, implies responsibility.

The department argued that Dan was still the landlord, and a legal battle opened to determine where ownership really lay. Meanwhile, Dan had opened a contracting sideline. He outfitted a man in neat white coveralls, with the word INSPECTOR embroidered over the left breast pocket, and sent him out to trail bona fide Health Department inspectors. After the Health Department men had gone, Dan's "inspector" would call and ask the bewildered tenant if he might look at the house. Usually he was admitted without question.

Inside, he would explain that this or that had to be done. When the frightened occupant, thinking of himself as the house's owner, asked where repairmen might be found, the "inspector" said he had friends who did work at cut-rate prices. The prices were, of course, inflated, for Dan extracted a referral fee from the plumbers and roofers he sent out. Under this ingenious arrangement, the repairs were not only made; Dan made a profit on them. According to one report, Dan's "inspector" dismantled a furnace on the coldest day of 1949, left, and returned the following day with an installment-sale furnace contract. The shivering householder signed.

The courts decided that Dan, as deed holder, was legally responsible. Since then he has been erecting cardboard partitions and installing inferior wiring—doing the work, in short, but in the worst possible fashion. The Health Department keeps after him, and he has paid a few ten-dollar fines for failure to comply with its notices. But he is still the winner. Ten years after its ambitious opening, the department's campaign is hopelessly bogged down in detail. By fighting it every step of the way, Dan is defeating it.

Paying the Bill

Outside the Health Department and a few civic organizations interested in slum clearance, there is little local interest in Dan. The business community is almost wholly indifferent. Some of its members, one suspects, secretly admire him. They think of him as a shrewd trader, a self-made man, an individualist who is defying bureaucracy and managing to get away with it.

Dan is all those, and more. He is a symbol of the spreading rot in metropolitan areas, and his story has as many implications for economists as for moralists. Since 1935, when Dan bought his first house, the assessed value of his properties has dropped twenty-seven per cent, meaning his municipality gets nearly $8,000 less in taxes from them each year. The city is spending forty-five per cent of its income in the slums and getting six per cent of its taxes there.

The forty-five per cent is spent in many ways. The neighborhood Dan converted to apartments during the war now leads the city in juvenile delinquency, with twenty cases per thousand population annually. Patrolmen are necessary in every block; after midnight they meet under street lamps and pivot, back to back, like sentries. About one-third of the city's inhabitants live in the slums, but they account for eighty-three per cent of its syphilis and seventy-one per cent of its tuberculosis—one of Dan's blocks has five active TB cases today. The cost of slums in petty thefts, bastardy cases, and social parasites is incalculable, but census figures show that eighty-one per cent of the welfare cases are concentrated there.

DAN'S ADMIRERS may not know it, but they all contribute to his loot through the relief rolls. A homeowner with an assessment of $9,500 pays three weeks' rent each year in taxes. Through their unfortunate tenants, Dan and his colleagues get a big slice of this.

Such implications have no interest whatever for Dan. His outlook is expressed in a few catch phrases: dog eat dog, tooth and claw, survival of the fittest. He came up the hard way, and he argues anyone else can do it, though if pressed he will modestly admit that stamina, brains, and what he calls "realism" are necessary for success.

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Happy Dreams In Kentucky

JAMES A. MAXWELL

LIKE the average professional comedian, Albert Benjamin Chandler is a serious, almost solemn man when he is not before an audience. Dressed in a conservative, well-cut brown suit and seated behind his large desk in the handsome, paneled governor's office in Frankfort, Kentucky, he seems remote from his role as "Happy," the joke-telling, ballad-singing, raucous stump speaker.

"I'm not a clown and I'm not a fool," Chandler said earnestly to a visitor not long ago. "I've graduated from two colleges, hold several degrees, and the people of Kentucky have made me a lieutenant governor, a Senator, and twice governor. You know they wouldn't do that if I didn't have my feet on the ground."

Most observers of Kentucky politics would agree with Chandler's self-appraisal. When he is not haranguing a crowd about the iniquities of his opponents, urging the voters to "Be like your pappy and vote for Happy," or singing "A Gold Mine in the Sky" with tears running down his face, Chandler is a shrewd, vindictive, completely ruthless politician who attempts, often successfully, to rule the Commonwealth of Kentucky as his personal fief.

His antics as a demagogue-buffoon have, of course, paid handsome dividends, especially in the rural areas—last year he won the governorship by the largest plurality in Kentucky's history—but for some time he has been badly afflicted with Presidential fever and he is acutely conscious of the need to appear to the nation as a sound and dignified statesman.

The Unnoticed Warrior

Chandler has already subjected his not inconsiderable ego to multiple, deep wounds because of his White House ambition. His quixotic assault upon the Democratic convention windmill was easily the most fantastic performance at an event which had its share of bizarre behavior. His announcement that he was a serious candidate for the Presidential nomination this year was at first treated as a joke. But it was soon apparent that Happy was not in a jocular mood. Despite treatment from delegates and party leaders that would have driven a more faint-hearted man to seek solace in the nearest darkened bar, Chandler carried on his fruitless campaign for votes and publicity.

"Who but our champion," the Louisville *Courier-Journal* editorialized after the convention, "would have fought on so long when the surging throngs around him refused to notice that he was fighting? Who could have smiled so steadily though cameramen passed him by? Who could have for so long held out the hand which was never shaken? Who else could have taken himself so seriously when all around were chuckling?"

Early in the convention, according to the New York *Post*, Perle Mesta did put him on the defensive. "Why, Happy," she asked him, "what's all this nonsense about your going for the top spot?"

"Remember, stranger guys than I have lived in the White House," he replied defiantly.

"Who?" was the redoubtable lady's riposte.

Manna and Maneuver

Chandler is far from crushed by his Chicago experience. "I'm going to make such an outstanding record as governor," he said afterward, "that the party won't be able to overlook me when 1960 rolls around." It now seems likely that at least parts of Kentucky will receive some badly needed overhauling as a result of this determination.

At a special session of the legislature early this year, Chandler forced through a record high $570-million biennial budget with educational, welfare, and road-building projects the principal beneficiaries. For the first time, Kentucky will have a fully implemented minimum foundation program for schools providing $80 per student out of state funds to be added to whatever the county or independent school district raises by its own taxes.

Medical education, sadly deficient in Kentucky, will be improved by expansion of the rural medical scholarship fund and increased aid to the University of Louisville's medical school. In addition, a start is being made toward the establishing of a second medical school in the state at the University of Kentucky. The state Welfare and Medical Health Departments will have more money than they ever had before, and a record sum has been set aside for road building.

To accomplish these ends, Chandler had to execute an abrupt fiscal about-face. Throughout his campaign for the governorship last year, he had said repeatedly that all these objectives could be realized without a penny of additional taxes. Within a few weeks after taking office, Chandler compelled the legislature to raise the state income tax sharply and double the production tax on whiskey.

THIS BRAZEN nullification of his main campaign pledge has brought about an enormous, though perhaps temporary, drop in his popularity throughout the state. "Hell, Happy couldn't be elected garbage collector today," one of Chandler's supporters said recently. "But wait until the new roads and schools and stuff get under way, and people will forget what they cost. Besides, he's getting more money than he needs, and one of these days he's going to make a big production out of cutting taxes."

Some statistical evidence of the popular reaction to Chandler is to be found in the returns of this year's Democratic primary election. Joe B. Bates, the governor's hand-picked candidate for the Senatorial nomination, enjoyed generous financial backing, the active assistance of the twenty thousand state employees, and the advantage of an election date changed, at Chandler's behest, from August to June—a time of year

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when Senator Earle C. Clements, as assistant Majority Leader, had little time for campaigning. Still, Bates was swamped by the Clements vote. In Louisville, the center of the anti-Chandler forces, Clements's margin was an astounding 7-1. The majority of political observers agree that a large portion of the ballots for Clements were intended as a rebuke to Chandler.

The Long Shadow

The rise in taxes, however, is not the sole or even the most important source of dissatisfaction with the Chandler Administration. Thoughtful Kentuckians are far more concerned with the governor's high-handed and often brutal dealings with the legislature in ramming through his program. In a number of instances, his methods brought forth chilling memories of the late Huey Long.

The governors of Kentucky have traditionally held a whip hand over the state's lawmakers. Except for employees partially paid from Federal funds, civil service means little in the state, and the executive, therefore, has a vast number of jobs to dispense as patronage. Again with the exception of cases involving Federal money, the selection of sites for new roads and the determination of which roads will be repaired are made exclusively by the highway commissioner, who is appointed by the governor. The legislature merely appropriates the money; the lawmakers are not told where or how it will be spent.

"Frankly," a Kentucky state senator said a short time ago, "any member of the legislature who is on the outs with the governor is not doing a good job for his constituents. Especially in the rural counties, about all a representative or senator can do for his people is get them some jobs and roads. If he's battling with the governor, the county receives nothing." Louisville in particular is paying a high price for the independence shown by its representatives.

The weapons of patronage and local improvements would be used by any governor. Chandler is distinguished only by the ruthlessness with which he employs them and the lengths to which he is prepared to go to punish those legislators who do not give him complete support. "Voting the way Happy wants you to ninety-five per cent of the time will get you nowhere," a veteran legislator said. "He'll only remember the five per cent when you weren't with

him and he'll do everything possible to murder you politically."

The withholding of patronage and road improvements from the home counties of recalcitrant lawmakers was not Chandler's only means of controlling the legislature. State jobs held by wives and relatives of legislators were used as collateral to ensure the backing of Administration measures. For example an AP dispatch from Frankfort on February 2 recounted that Mrs. Wayne Freeman, wife of State Senator Freeman, and Mrs. Shelby McCallum, wife of Representative McCallum, were fired from their respective jobs as journal clerk and payroll clerk. Their husbands had refused to vote for a bill to remove a four per cent tax on pari-mutuel betting at Keeneland race track. Although no other track in the state was to be given this tax relief and there was considerable bitterness over the special privilege accorded Keeneland, the bill passed.

THE MEASURE of Chandler's esteem for the legislature was probably best shown by the manner in which the appropriations bill and budget were presented. Because Kentucky has a constitutional debt limit of $500,000 (except for bond issues approved by the electorate) the legislature has always considered sources of revenue and tax rates before, or at least concurrently with, recommended appropriations. When Chandler called the first special session, however, he stated that the first and only order of business would be appropriations, and in Kentucky, as in a number of other states, the legislature in special session can act only on the specific matters decreed by the governor.

Chandler then presented his program, which called for expenditures far in excess of the anticipated biennial income. Most of the legislators were in agreement on the soundness of the proposals, but a number of them demanded to know how the deficit would be met. Chandler told them coldly that the question was "an intrusion in my affairs. Only two senators, both of whom favored the bill, had the courage to vote against it on a blank-check basis. They were roundly denounced by Chandler as enemies of old people, schools, decent roads, and welfare services.

When the second special session was called to consider sources of revenue to meet the increased spending, Chandler had the legislators in the palm of his hand. The money had already been appropriated and they had no choice but to go along with the Administration's proposal to raise income and whiskey production taxes.

A NUMBER of years ago, when Happy was baseball commissioner—a job he had desired sufficiently to resign his seat in the U.S. Senate—sports columnist Joe Williams wrote: "Chandler bruises easy, forgets hard, and is morbid about squaring accounts, no matter how trifling." There is little evidence that this facet of his personality has changed greatly during the ensuing years.

Legislators were bewildered during the recent special session on appropriations to find that, while all other departments of the state were to receive an increase in operating expenses, the allotment for the Court of Appeals, the highest judicial body in Kentucky, was to be cut by $15,000. Some observers saw significance in the possibility that Chandler still harbored resentment against the judges because they had supported their colleague, Bert T. Combs, when he had resigned from the court in 1955 to run against Happy in the Democratic race for the gubernatorial nomination. It was suggested that Chandler wanted to harass the judges by reducing their budget, thus forcing four law

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clerks out of their jobs. Fortunately, the legislature restored the money to the appropriations bill.

'We Had the Longest Horns'

Chandler does not restrict his grudge fights to such minor skirmishes. During the national campaign just ended, he did *almost* everything in his power to defeat Adlai Stevenson and the two Kentucky Democratic candidates for the Senate: Clements, up for re-election, and Lawrence Wetherby, who was running for the unexpired term of the late Alben Barkley. The modifier "almost" is important.

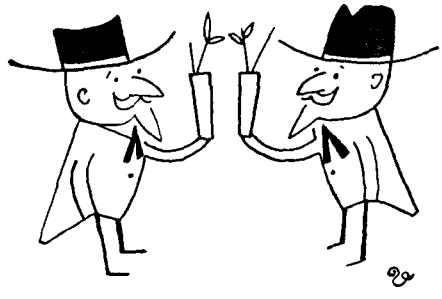
The deep desire for the Presidency never leaves Chandler for long, and even this year when the three Democrats he most dislikes were on the ticket, he couldn't abstain from two tiny, almost ritualistic gestures of party loyalty. Two weeks before the election, the governor sent a thousand-dollar check to the Stevenson campaign fund, and at about the same time he accepted the honorary chairmanship of the state Democratic campaign committee.

Because of what he had already done to defeat Stevenson, Clements, and Wetherby, these feeble last-minute attempts to appear "regular" must have seemed grotesque to the party professionals. This is especially true in view of his earlier record, which indicates support of the Dixiecrat movement in 1948 and endorsement of Republican John Sherman Cooper when he ran for and won Chandler's vacated Senate seat in 1946.

During the recent campaign, Chandler made no secret of his distaste for Stevenson, and managed to be out of the state when the Democratic nominee came to Kentucky to speak. Chandler, however, was on hand to give a warm welcome to Eisenhower.

CHANDLER'S efforts against Clements and Wetherby were more overt. With twenty thousand skillfully marshaled, well-disciplined state workers to use as shock troops, Chandler snatched control of the state Democratic machinery and the convention delegation from Clements and then permitted the word to seep down through the organization that the governor would not be displeased if the Clements and Wetherby campaigns were allowed to languish. "It all depends on whose ox is gored," Chandler said in answer to protests. "We simply had the longest horns and did the most goring. Politics, you know, gets a little rough and if you can't stand the gaff, you better get out of the game." Professional politicians would find little to quarrel with in this statement, but they rarely have much enthusiasm for the man whose primary interest is bloodletting within his own party.

BUT IF Chandler's judgment seems deficient for a man with Presidential aspirations, he has, on at least one occasion recently, shown political courage of a high order. When mobs gathered to prevent the integration of schools in Sturgis and in Clay, the governor immediately dispatched the National Guard to the areas and kept it there until peace had been restored. His prompt action contrasted sharply with the vacillation of Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee, who permitted a similar situation to get completely out of hand before he could bring himself to call out the militia. Chandler was fully conscious of the fact that his political strength lies in the rural areas and mining districts, but in this instance he wasn't concerned with votes or his own power.



Not that Chandler has completely lost interest in votes and power. Kentucky, with Federal aid, will soon begin its gigantic multi-million-dollar road-building program and the governor has already divided the state into eight patronage districts, each supervised by an "advisory commissioner" at $7,200 a year who will see that Chandler supporters are not overlooked when jobs and contracts are being handed out. Ostensibly these advisers will decide where Kentucky needs roads, bridges, and other highway improvements, but there is some question about their qualifications. Their former respective occupations were farmer, dock operator, merchant, politician, clothing salesman, undertaker, deputy sheriff, and county clerk.

By all the means at his command, Chandler is attempting to make the Democratic Party of Kentucky his personal machine with the hope—or perhaps the belief—that the 1960 convention will be unable to pass him by. His term as governor ends on December 31, 1959, and under Kentucky law he can't succeed himself. He'll be looking for another job and there's no doubt in his mind which one he wants.

People Know He's Around

A visitor to Kentucky recently asked an old associate of Chandler's how Happy, a practical politician, could continue to dream of receiving the Presidential nomination from party leaders who view him as a political Benedict Arnold. "I'll tell you one thing about Happy," the Chandler supporter said. "Not being wanted never made him stay away from anything in his life. Remember back in 1938 when Happy ran against Barkley for the Senatorial nomination? Well, President Roosevelt came to Kentucky to urge everybody to vote for Alben, and you know what Happy did? He was governor at the time, and when Roosevelt arrived in the state, Happy insisted on meeting him and riding in the same car with him right out to the meeting. Hap was the governor, so he was within his rights. Barkley had to ride behind in another car. Well, when they got to this big rally, did Happy duck out? You bet your life he didn't. He sat right there on the platform with a big smile on his face all the while Roosevelt was praising Barkley to the skies and saying that he ought to be returned to the Senate.

"So a man like Happy who can pull a stunt like that isn't going to be fazed by a lot of Democrats who hate his guts. He'll be at that convention in 1960 fighting like crazy. He may not get anywhere, but people will know he's around!"

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Burma—Parade Of Paradoxes

ARTHUR BONNER

UNDER ordinary conditions, a Burman can live a more happy and contented life than, say, a farmer in France or a factory worker in the United States. There are no famines or teeming millions, and the customs of Burmese society frown upon a man working day and night to amass mere luxuries. Less than half of the arable land is cultivated and the rains always fall on schedule.

It is a natural democracy. A man's birth counts for so little that there are no family names; a son has an entirely different name from his father. There is equality of women, and marriage and divorce are easier than in most parts of the United States.

Burma, it would seem, is an Oriental Arcadia. It was even more so before the Second World War. What it was then, before it was fought over twice, can be illustrated by what it is not now.

The population has increased by twenty-one per cent but the gross national product is still only eighty-eight per cent of prewar. Rangoon port traffic is fifty-one per cent of prewar, teak production a little more than twenty-five per cent. Before the war Burma could export 3.5 million tons of rice; its postwar high is only two million tons. The mines at Namtu, normally one of the world's richest producers of silver, lead, and zinc, have reached only twenty per cent of prewar output. The Yenangyaung oil fields, Burma's largest, are still not back in production after being blown up by the retreating British in 1942, while the Chauk fields produce about a third of what they did before the war.

A runaway inflation has sent the cost-of-living index, with 1941 as the base year, spiraling from 292 in June, 1955, to 373 last June. I paid forty-two cents for a bar of Lux soap which, in India where it is manufactured, would cost me eight cents. A small tube of Indian-made toothpaste cost me $1.25. A pack of ten Burmese-made cigarettes costs twenty-five cents, while a tin of fifty English cigarettes costs almost two dollars. Dried prawns, which the Burmese eat in great quantities, cost almost a dollar a pound in Mandalay.

Tea and Apathy

Life is not only harder, it is more insecure. A curfew had to be imposed on a wealthy section of Rangoon because there had been so many robberies. Trains don't travel at all at night, and their progress during the day is slowed considerably by the need to check the line ahead to see if anyone has torn up the tracks.

There is no road or river traffic at night either. Even daylight travel by river has its perils. Timber merchants who send rafts of hardwood logs down the river must pay about a dollar a ton as levy to the government. The rafts are stopped en route by insurgents who demand to see the government receipt and force the crews to pay an equal sum. The insurgents give a receipt of their own and if another rebel band stops the raft the crew has only to show its receipt from the first band and float on.

Insurgents go to the movies in towns like the ruby center of Mogok and the police don't dare arrest them. If they did, the rebels would come back in strength and shoot up the town and execute the officials.

Rangoon does not seem to be upset by such things. If you want to see a government official it is useless to go to his office much before eleven in the morning. You also find most government offices empty from twelve-thirty to two-thirty, and although the closing time is four-thirty, it is hard to get anything done after four, by which time everyone from clerks on up is sipping the last of innumerable cups of tea.

Indolence has its charms, but it can be annoying if you have work to do. And with the government's present policy of nationalizing everything from cement factories to pawnshops, you are constantly forced to seek out the elusive officials.

Burmanizing Business

Before the war the economy was entirely in foreign hands, so that it was only natural that the Burmese should try to attain economic independence after they achieved political independence. Raising the slogan "Burmanize Business," the government gave import licenses mainly to Burmans, many of whom had the same get-rich-quick propensities as their foreign predecessors. There are instances of Burmans who set up an import company only to get a license and then turned the license over to an established foreign company that had the necessary capital and foreign contacts. The goods would be brought in under the Burman's name and sold to the foreigner at a markup that ranged as high as a hundred per cent.

Although Burma has almost no industrial experience, it is building a steel rolling mill with a capacity of from sixteen to twenty thousand tons a year. There are no working iron or coal deposits; the mill will operate entirely on scrap iron, of which there is only a two-year supply. What will be done after this supply is gone has never been carefully thought out.

Roads throughout the country are rapidly going to pieces. At Mogok, which is in the mountains, I was told that the roads could not be cleared of minor landslides because the department had used up all its funds and would have to wait till the start of the next fiscal year, when it would have enough money to hire coolies.

Rangoon itself is in poor repair, although it is much better than it was three years ago when the streets were packed with refugees. Garbage litters the main streets, and the side streets are often blocked with debris. War damage is still obvious. The sidewalks are cracked and rutted, a fact that is impressed on you if you go for a walk after a monsoon storm and try to avoid the mudholes and miniature lakes. But it is almost as difficult to ride; the few taxis are

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mostly jeeps and the busses are mainly surplus British or U.S. Army trucks with wooden bodies.

BURMA is rich in food and natural resources but it is exceedingly poor in experienced personnel to man its burgeoning bureaucracy. An even greater tragedy is that it lacks experienced and trusted leaders.

U Aung San, the best of the Burmese leaders, who showed he was not a textbook politician but a man capable of making up his own mind, was assassinated on July 19, 1947, along with six members of his Cabinet—men equally hard to replace.

U Nu was projected to the leadership he had always resisted. This was not modesty; he understood his own shortcomings. In his book *Burma Under the Japanese*, he says of himself: "I am a dreamer, a writer. So although my thoughts were fully charged with hatred for the Japanese, I did not go on from thought to action. The man of action was Thakin Than Tun. . ."

This same Thakin Than Tun, one of U Nu's closest friends and his mentor in political matters, is now the leader of the White Flag Communist insurgents. Than Tun attended the Calcutta meetings of Asian Communists during February-March 1948—the meetings at which plans were laid for Communist revolts in India, Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia.

Comrades Fall Out

The British were in the process of giving independence to Burma but Than Tun demanded that the interim government declare war and seize freedom. When independence finally came, the Communists split with the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (A.F.P.F.L.) and organized a series of strikes, alleging that the U Nu government was merely a tool of British imperialism. U Nu and other non-Communist leaders who survived the massacre of July 19 were bewildered by this sudden turn of events. They could see no logical reason why their friends, schoolmates, and Marxist comrades of yesterday should become their enemies of today. They tried desperately to maintain what they called a "united front of leftists."

The White Flag Communists under Than Tun went into complete revolt in March, 1948. The Red Flag Communists, a variety of Trotskyites, had already gone underground. Later in 1948 a large part of the People's Volunteer Organization, formed by Aung San to fight the British and then the Japanese, also began an insurrection. And then the government made a fateful mistake in handling its most serious minority problem—the Karens.

The Karen Rebellion

Burma is not a homogeneous nation. The Burmans number fourteen million out of a population of nineteen million, but they occupy only about sixty per cent of the geographic area. The other forty per cent is the homeland of various races: Kachins, Chins, Shans, Arakanese, Mons, and Karens, plus a host of smaller tribes. All these groups speak languages other than Burmese. They all have histories of independence from the Burmese and many have bitter memories of the periods when they were under the heel of some strong Burman king.

There is no single patriotism or nationalism for the entire country. When the Japanese invaded Burma they were helped by the Burmans, while the other ethnic groups, especially the Karens, remained loyal to the British. More than a million

Karens live intermingled with the Burmans in the plains, and in this period of conflicting loyalties the Burmans turned on them and committed atrocities which the Karens have never forgotten.

The Karens, many of whom are Christians, feel they can never be secure under Burmese rule. The monks, who take part in politics, demand, among other things, that Buddhism be made the state religion. U Nu tried valiantly to placate the Karens, who were making impossible demands--they even wanted their own army. At one point it seemed that an agreement would be reached, but the Burmese made the mistake of suddenly ordering the disarmament of Karen troops. This touched off a full-scale Karen rebellion in 1949. With all the insurrections in progress at the same time, the government's sway was soon virtually reduced to Rangoon and its suburbs.

AT THIS POINT Alexander Campbell, a British newspaperman who had the financial support of wealthy private individuals in London, was caught helping the Karen rebels. The Burmese believe that the British government also played a part in the affair, although Campbell was officially disowned. If you talk to a Burman today about foreign interference, he will soon bring up the Campbell affair as proof that the British want to regain control of Burma—and nothing will convince him otherwise.

It took U Nu's government two years to regain a semblance of control. Then, at the end of 1949, Chinese Nationalist remnants began infiltrating into the Wa and Kengtung States, and became stronger as time went on. It was obvious that they were getting recruits as well as arms from Formosa via Thailand. The Burmese are convinced that the United States played a secret part in funneling this aid.

Although many of the Nationalists eventually were evacuated to Formosa through the good offices of the United States, the Burmese were so angry that they terminated American economic assistance in 1953, ending a program which had given them about $20 million worth of aid in three years.

Assistance was halted at the very time it was most needed. The export price of rice, which earns about eighty per cent of Burma's foreign exchange, fell from $168 a ton in 1953 to about $100 a ton in 1955, and foreign exchange reserves plummeted from about $211 million to about $92 million. The government was caught with heavy orders for

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capital equipment as part of an eight-year development plan and had to put severe restrictions on the importation of consumer goods. Since rice earns about fifty per cent of its current revenues, the government also had to depend on its printing presses to supply money for its daily needs—and thereby triggered inflation.

SYMPTOMS of Burma's unease appeared in this year's elections. Out of 250 seats in the lower house of Parliament, the A.F.P.F.L. won 169. The Communist-dominated National United Front won 42. However, this gives an exaggerated picture of the ruling party's real strength. Many of the A.F.P.F.L.'s seats were uncontested, and it polled only about fifty-seven per cent of the popular vote, while the N.U.F. polled about thirty per cent. The remainder went to smaller parties.

U Nu has privately let it be known that the Russian and Red Chinese embassies spent money lavishly in the elections. The surprising fact is that this blatant foreign interference is not officially condemned or even generally known in Burma. The only public mention of it has been in a series of anonymous letters to the Rangoon English-language newspaper the *Nation*. They are signed "Mr. Burma" and say that this lavish help is one of the reasons why U Nu resigned as Prime Minister. According to "Mr. Burma" U Nu is frustrated and disillusioned "at the collapse of his cherished ideals."

China Probes a Soft Spot

Just as the government is keeping secret the foreign Communists' interference in the elections, it kept secret for almost a year the Chinese Red encroachment on Burmese soil. Even now the full story of Red China's incursions into the northern Wa States has not been officially disclosed in Burma. When details began to be leaked to the *Nation*, I flew up to Lashio to see what it was all about.

The Wa States are the home of head-hunters, and the corner occupied by the Reds is remote, mountainous, and jungle-covered. Supplies had to be air-dropped. On the morning of November 20, 1955, as Burmese troops began to clear an open space for a dropping zone, Red Chinese soldiers suddenly appeared. There was a day-long skirmish in which, Burmese officials told me, one Chinese officer and nine enlisted men were killed and three Burmese were wounded.

The Burmese commander on the spot sent a note to his opposite number pointing out that the Communists were on Burmese soil and asking them to withdraw. He received a polite refusal. The matter went to diplomatic levels, but still the Burmese were rebuffed. Months rolled on and the Communists continued to occupy about a thousand square miles of the northern Wa States. They have emphasized their occupation by building mule tracks, stringing elaborate communications, and indoctrinating the head-hunters.

The Chinese Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek laid claim to the entire Wa States as well as half of Kachin State, the northernmost tip of Burma. What the Reds are now doing is repeating the Nationalist claims, not in words but in deeds. Why are they risking the friendship of Burma for such unimportant territory? The only explanation appears to be that this is part of the Communists' usual tactics of probing a neighbor's strength. If this is so, they seem to have uncovered a soft spot. The Burmese government only once has said it is "seriously concerned"; most of the time it tries to soft-pedal the issue.

DESPITE the government's official friendliness with India, Indians are badly treated and are being pushed out of their shops and trades by an official policy of discrimination. Since Burmans themselves are not good traders, the Indians are being increasingly replaced by Chinese, including illegal Chinese immigrants from across the northern borders. The Chinese population in the border towns has gone up greatly and some newspaper columnists comment on how numerous the Chinese appear in Rangoon. Peking has a ready instrument to help those Chinese who favor its cause. The Bank of China does a flourishing business in Rangoon, and if the trend continues the Chinese will soon have a strangle hold on trade in Rangoon.

If U Nu was so upset about stooges or foreign masters, why did he resign from the Premiership? If you listen to the gossip in Rangoon, there are those who will tell you that he didn't resign at all—that he was pushed out at a time when he showed disappointment with the policy of zealous friendship with Russia and China.

The new Prime Minister, U Ba Swe, hardly represents a swing to the right. He is president of the Trade Union Congress of Burma, as well as secretary-general of the Burma Socialist Party, whose flag still displays the hammer and sickle. At one time he was, and perhaps still is, chairman of the People's Literature House in Rangoon, which is the primary distributor of foreign Communist literature in Burma. He calls himself a Marxist, but he says, "Acceptance of Marxism . . . does not mean acceptance *in toto* of the Russian or Chinese pattern." He has propounded the quaint theory that Buddhism is entirely compatible with Marxist materialism. Ba Swe is probably more acceptable to the Communist insurgents than U Nu ever was.

THERE SEEMS little that foreign well-wishers can do to help Burma, but the United States is once again making an attempt. We have sold Burma about $22 million worth of surplus agricultural products, mostly cotton, to be paid for in local currency—thus not causing any drain on Burma's foreign exchange. This comes close to an outright gift, since the much-depreciated Burmese kyat is hardly of any use to us. Negotiations are also being completed for a $25-million long-term loan. Neither of these arrangements will earn us much popular good will; the suspicions aroused by the Chinese Nationalist episode are not so easily dispelled. But at least there is the hope that if Burma can solve its financial difficulties it can put up a stronger front to the local Communist insurgents.

Because of maladministration, it seems doubtful that Burma will get the full benefits of American assistance. Moreover, there is the basic question of whether the present Burmese leaders care to oppose the local Communists very strongly. Until this question is answered the future of Burma must remain in doubt.

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Where Do We Go From Here?

COLIN WILSON

WHENEVER I get around to thinking about the novel, I am brought up against the realization that there are *two* art forms that hide under the same name. For a long time now, I have had these labeled for my personal convenience: One is "voice," the other "music." Jane Austen is an example of the first, Dostoevsky of the second. . . .

You can see the same kind of difference between . . . James and Dostoevsky, for instance. James's effects depend on getting to know James until he is like a Dutch uncle to you; you get to know his voice, and when you read him, you can hear his voice, and see the manifest sincerity on his face as he does his best to explain these fine shades to you—with that expression that is at once intelligent and anxious and confiding. He *knows* you are really a sympathetic and intelligent listener, and he wouldn't dream of putting you off with generalizations or clichés or glossing over the facts. While you listen to the low unwinding of *The Golden Bowl,* he begs you with his eyes to listen carefully, and the seriousness of his face assures you that you really mustn't miss a word. You put him down with a faint sigh of relief, and your feelings are mixed; he's really very likable, old James; not really my type or yours, of course, and rather older than we are, and you haven't really a lot in common with him; still, he *is* so polite and civilized and cosmopolitan. And, you feel, perhaps a little lonely. This is James.

Turn to Dostoevsky—and it is disconcerting to find a shabby little man with a high forehead and the soft lips of a sexual pervert. But he has the poet's power of making you forget the first impression. . . . Raskolnikov, knocking on the old pawnbrokeress's door, trembles so violently that he is hardly aware of his body. One soon realizes that Dostoevsky is not often aware of his body either. His personality is like a large, unkempt, oversexed mastiff that he keeps outside his back door. But you enter his art by the front door—that is a privilege that *we* have, which his contemporaries might envy, for they were all too aware of his personality—*vide* Tolstoy on his great contemporary: "He was bad, debauched, full of envy . . . mawkish sentimentality and a high flown humanitarianism. . . ." etc. But what about *Crime and Punishment,* what about *Devils?* The answer would seem to be that Tolstoy was too aware of Dostoevsky's personal character and his immediate presence to be fair about his work.

And this is my point. James wrote *inside* his personality, Dostoevsky outside his. It is James's voice we hear, but in Dostoevsky, there is an over-all lyrical impression. It has his personal characteristics – what great art is without them?—but his voice never comes through.

Tub-Thumping and Detachment

This distinction that I have made—I do not ask you to accept my terminology; you can invent your own—but this distinction leads me to my second point: that the voice and music principle is nothing less than the old Nietzschean distinction between Apollonian and Dionysian art. You will remember that Nietzsche equated Apollo with the cult of *form;* Apollo is therefore the patron saint of architecture and sculpture, of all the arts in which form is paramount. The Dionysian, on the other hand, is raw dynamism, anarchic vitality. Left to itself it is a destructive force alone; but, in combination with the Apollonian, it produces great music and poetry. And in poetry, the Apollonian can be labeled (after Schiller) the naïve, while the Dionysian is the sentimental (again in Schiller's sense). In music, the Apollonian is called the classical; the Dionysian, the Romantic.

It is a commonplace of art criticism that all the arts writhe between their two poles, beginning with the Apollonian (Bach's music, Greek sculpture and the drama of Aeschylus), swinging always, as form becomes irksome, towards more and more freedom. The art of the West has taken a vigorous swing away from the Apollonian principle. The major artists still have the old discipline of the classics, but they seem to apply it in a far more puzzling way. . . .

IT IS natural that we should devote more time to trying to get some perspectives on these things. Our civilization is moving faster than at any other time in history, and if history *is* to be likened to a stream, it may be that we are approaching a waterfall that will finish us. Anyway, the time is past when we could drift peacefully. It is impossible to enter into any general discussion nowadays—on politics, religion, art, literature – without wondering where the

currents are taking us, and asking: Where do we go from here? I began this essay by speaking about the "voice" and "music" principles in art. . . . One ["music"] is "engaged"—in Sartre's sense; one ["voice"] is detached.

Now there is a lot to be said for detachment, and a lot to be said against detachment. When Sartre ad-

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vocates a modified Communism as an answer to the metaphysical problems he propounds in *Being and Nothingness,* we can only feel irritation. When Anatole France swung from the superb and beautiful detachment of *Thaïs* and became a passionate advocate of Communism, his admirers may have been justified in thinking that his subtlety of approach had given way to tub-thumping. But the real objection to this type of "engagement" is that it oversimplifies and coarsens. There is no final objection to "engagement" in the abstract. The dedication to Communism of France and Sartre only proves the limitations of their humanism. (And here I should add that it is not Communism in particular that I am objecting to: The same would go for a major American writer who laid his genius at the feet of democracy.) There have been examples of great artists who "engaged" successfully—Shaw and Tolstoy, for instance. (I am not among the people who think that Tolstoy's last period was a betrayal of his art; I think it was the greatest period of his life.) In these two instances, the engagement was religious as well as social, and the religion was closely tied up with the artist's moral and artistic life. In Sartre and Anatole France, the engagement seems too arbitrary to be any good.

But I believe that a new type of engagement is demanded of the

writer and artist nowadays, and it is this type of engagement that I want to talk about in the rest of this essay.

Beyond Happiness

I believe that civilizations live by the religion that drives them. I believe that no civilization can continue to develop without a religious impetus. Some years ago, I read a review by Mr. Edmund Wilson; it was of something or other by T. S. Eliot. After quoting Eliot's view that we cannot make civilization work without a religion, Mr. Wilson comments: "All I can say is that we have to." Now Mr. Wilson is a fine and penetrating critic, and a man with

whom I would hesitate to disagree. And yet it is clear that, in this case, he lacks insight into the issues involved. Let me try to speak of these issues as I see them:

The average man hasn't the faintest idea of what is good for him. He never learns from experience, and when he has an emotion that gives him an insight into some meaning and purpose in life, he lets it slip by with no attempt whatever to observe its conditions for the purpose of being able to recreate it at will. His ideas of "purpose" are conscious and hedonistic: i.e., all that he does, he does on the unconscious assumption that happiness is the highest aim. His real objection to religion is that it doesn't make sense when judged by this subconscious standard, for where is the point in making yourself uncomfortable (that is, unless you drive a bargain with the Deity that guarantees an eternity of "happiness" in exchange for present inconveniences)?

This view fails to recognize the truth that Nietzsche and Dostoevsky knew: that on the whole, happiness is a stupid and poisonous commodity, to be shunned on every occasion; it makes for laziness and second-rateness. The poet and the religious man recognize that life itself is a higher value, and that it appears to work according to a set of laws that are, in a strange sense, *anti-vital.* . . .

THE QUESTION arises: In what way do I believe that an ideal of "existential engagement" could be put into practice in modern writing—especially in novel writing, which is the field I elected to write about in this essay?

The whole answer is not easy to grasp. . . . Our science may be advanced, our technology be a miracle of sustained reasoning, but our lives are as disorderly as Adam and Eve's. If we read the biography of any man we admire, after first being introduced to him through his work, we feel that the life is an awful mess compared to the symmetry of work. Biographies tend to leave one in a state of irritation. Men of genius are so obviously less successful in ordering their lives than in ordering the material that constitutes their work. Life spends its time presenting challenges, and we spend our time, like spendthrifts, trying to meet the demands for energy with an ever-diminishing bank account of vitality. A spendthrift can at least hire an accountant to keep his affairs in order, but we all live from hand to mouth where these demands of life are concerned. There is a class of men who claim to have discovered how to master their own lives—the "practical men," men of the world, businessmen—but they achieve this at a cost of insensitivity that would make any artist shudderingly renounce the idea of such control.

In Our Own Terms

All this is a commonplace. But what I would here like to point out is that once upon a time, such considerations were the beginning and end of all thinking—in religion (as in the Hebrew prophets), in philosophy (Plato is the supreme example), in theology, ethics, psychology. All thinking was an active attempt to engage with these purely existential problems. Today, our philosophy begins with semantics and Kantian metaphysics, our psychology is the psychology of the mediocre and criminal extended to fit all of us, our theology is a materialistic haggling with God about the place to be reserved for us in heaven (a place that was unknown to the Hebrew or Hindu prophets, who cared for nothing but serving the God-urge that drove them and vitalized them), our art a glorification of personal emotional dilemmas that enclose us in our own stupidity as in a prison. The existential tradition is a tradition that extends from Ecclesiastes through Plato (or vice versa if you accept the modern dating of Ecclesiastes), Augustine, Boethius, Pascal, to Bernard Shaw. And there is one great existentialist philosopher whose name I have missed out—Goethe. Goethe is the clue to the dilemma of modern literature. . . .

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There is a story that Goethe and Schiller came out of a scientific lecture in Jena, both dissatisfied. Goethe said: "I feel there should be another way of talking about nature, active and striving. . ."; Schiller said: "Ah, but that's not good sense—it's just an *idea* of yours."

Now I am aware that, in speaking in this way, I am laying myself open to the objection that I am generalizing like Shaw—or maybe worse, like Rudolph Steiner, or Mrs. Baker Eddy, or Madame Blavatsky, or any other heretic mouther of high-minded platitudes. And in all truth, I have no basic objection to the method of Steiner, Eddy & Co.; what I object to is their laziness, their stopping halfway or less, their failure to think in terms of their own age and their civilization; in short, their need for a good dose of the pedantic and professorial temperament; for precision. One asks oneself the question: Is such precision attainable in talking about existential problems, or are we doomed to sound like Steiner and Blavatsky?

THE ONLY obvious answering is uncomforting and unhelpful in the quest for an existential method: It is that the only insurance against airy fairy and hot-air mongering is that quality of genius and liberalism possessed by Plato or Goethe. A lesser Plato would be as intolerable as Madame Blavatsky. . . .

But again, the question arises: Is an ordinary academic thinker qualified to talk or think about such problems? Wouldn't he trivialize and platitudinize them in the mere act of discussing them?

I feel that the answer is probably Yes. And that brings us back to the original question: How can the modern novelist make himself the instrument of this type of philosophy?

The question is not as impractical as it sounds. Plato was the nearest thing that the Greeks produced to a novelist. Goethe was a novelist, and his masterpiece, *Wilhelm Meister*, is universally recognized as the foundation of the *Bildungsroman*—the modern version of the Platonic dialogue. Dostoevsky is a novelist in that direct tradition that runs from Plato to Shaw; his work is full of ideas, but they are always thought of in dramatic terms—in religious terms. (Eliot penetrates to the root of the matter when he says that the basic dramatic form is the liturgy.) The novelist and dramatist are peculiarly aware of the need for an analysis of actual existence: the need to talk, not in terms of absolute truths, but of possibilities of human insights. The philosopher talks about insights in the abstract. The novelist deals with the way in which particular human beings achieve insights, and thereby achieves possibilities of communication that are beyond the "abstract philosopher."

Divine Anxiety

A religion, in its simplest terms, is nothing more than a concept of the purpose of life. Its purpose is to provide a reason for combating the difficulties of existence, when the immediate biological reasons (i.e. the need to keep fed and clothed and otherwise fulfilled) have been temporarily crushed. Many men never pass beyond the border line of biological needs, and can safely be reckoned to run like clocks from the day of their birth to their death on the mere strength of the need to keep well fed and socially secure. In others, more sensitive, difficulties, challenges, obstacles, exhaust the biological needs fairly soon. I have called such a man "an Outsider." If he is not to die of discouragement (Shaw's diagnosis of *Back to Methuselah*) he must provide himself with a purpose beyond the biological purpose of keeping the body alive. Such a man, having found his purpose, becomes

a fanatic. He may, if his mind works that way, become a political fanatic and "world betterer." But the purpose is far likelier to form itself as an artistic or religious urge.

In either of these cases, the Outsider is of peculiar interest to us in the present discussion. As an artist, it is always interesting to note how far his dissatisfaction will drive him; but where art is concerned, there is no point in criticizing him for not going further. It is when the Outsider gets into religion or philosophy that we can ask the question: What do you discern as your ultimate goal, as your own conception of truth? Wilhelm Meister was an artist, and he learned what he had to learn to create what he wanted to. But the religious man is likely to think nostalgically about past ages of religion—about the Brahmin of India who has only to take a bowl and go out and live his own life, or a country like Tibet, before the Chinese overran it, where religion and leisure are woven into the life of every man. And it is here that we can ask questions that are strictly relevant to our own problems. Would it be best if our Western civilization were replaced by a more primitive, more contemplative civilization? And the answer, I believe, is No. It is for the modern Outsider to come to terms with the complexity of his civilization, and to form his solutions upon that basis. . . .

AND IT IS here that I come to the program that now occupies all my attention: Let us suppose that one man could do this. . . . Could such a man show the whole civilization the way to achieve such a balance, to achieve again a centripetal religious drive to resist the centrifugal forces of clatter and clamor and complexity that our civilization involves?

Let me be brutally explicit about my meaning: I believe our civilization is dying. I believe that, as a mass, we are losing the will to go on living, because the conditions under which we live rob us of individuality. We are dying of laziness and boredom, and failure to find a purpose to make it worth while going on. I also believe that religion is the cement that holds a civilization together, just as a man's individual purpose is the cement that stops him from going to pieces under the constant challenges involved in living. I believe that conditions nowadays are such that we have outlived the old religion. The problem is to brood on the conditions under which a new religion might be hatched—to

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try to do some fruitful thinking, some constructive thinking, about the structure of our civilization and the needs that a new religion would have to meet. It requires an approach that is as scientific as the aeronautical engineer's or aircraft designer's; for that is just the problem: to work out where we are going, and how we can get there. Shaw recognized this need, and in himself effected a successful synthesis of religion with practical capacity. But it would be defeat to admit that nothing could save us except that every man should develop the terrific powers of a Shaw.

I LEAVE the problem without an attempt to answer it: I recognize that the brevity of my analysis has hardly made the problem itself clear. But at least one thing is certain: This is a predicament in which the artists and thinkers can become the spearhead of the race. They are the scientists who can provide some of the answers. For the business of the modern artist is to faithfully reflect his own age. But after this, his business is to digest it, to swallow it whole, to face it all, and yet still to be capable of the interior certainty of a Ramakrishna, the spiritual drive of a Beethoven. We have produced many novelists who fulfill the first necessity: Joyce and Dos Passos reflect our age as faithfully as we could ask. But it will be the artist who deliberately explores his art with the techniques of the *Bildungsroman* who will provide our corrupting and stagnating civilization with the moral intensity needed to restore the primitive energy that makes civilizations great.

I am not optimistic about it. I do not see a new religion on the horizon, and I have only just begun applying myself to the analysis of the conditions under which a new religion would be possible. It is the time to state principles and call for co-operation. It is time that the serious artist ceased to bother about reflecting his age or saving his soul, and accepted the responsibility of "commitment"—commitment to the task of diagnosing our sickness, and preparing to undertake the surgical operation that could mean a possibility of a future for Western culture.

CHANNELS:
The Limits of Realism

MARYA MANNES

"IT MAY have been the worst summer in TV's short history," wrote one of the thirty-one newspaper critics who nominate the Sylvania television awards. "No experimentation, little originality. Take it away." This was the majority verdict.

The images in the winter's crystal ball are not much more heartening. There will be better plays (there has already been a superb one on CBS's Playhouse 90, Rod Serling's "Requiem for a Heavyweight") and brighter Spectaculars than summer languor produced; but balancing

these—or rather overwhelming them—are a host of stale familiar formats and an invasion of old feature films which may be good in themselves but which in no way advance the medium of television or feed it with new ideas, new techniques, and new talent. Movies are the easy way out of all three urgencies.

One must look, then, to the small exceptions to this suffocating, featureless entertainment tide to keep hope in the medium's virtue alive. I am speaking of those occasional programs, usually unsponsored and often unsung, which try to arrive at some sort of truth on matters of human importance—matters normally shrouded in the mists of fear, gentility, or ignorance, or twisted by the imperious demands of "showmanship."

ONE of these is a new series called "The Open Mind," a half-hour discussion led by the young historian Richard Heffner on NBC-TV every Saturday evening at six (EST). He had several informative programs on television, some more academic than stimulating, but it was not until this year that he began to swim instead of paddle, striking out into the rougher open waters of speculation and honest talk. His new direction became apparent in a summer series called "All About Women—All About Men," in which he and Miss Harriet Van Horne, the television critic of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, provided a most refreshing month-long substitute for that feminine grab bag, Jinx Falkenburg's diary. Moderating with sensibility, candor, and humor, choosing guests with a sense of proportion and with experience in their fields, they explored the ages of man and woman in a way new to television: simply and directly. They spoke of adolescence, of middle age, of the menopause, of common psychological and physiological phenomena, as one mature, intelligent adult would speak to another. It was a relief.

"The Open Mind" goes a step further. Heffner has conducted two discussions on homosexuality and one on anti-Semitism. All three have been absorbing and useful, not because any subjects of such importance and depth can be "covered" in half an hour, but because the light from even a barely opened window can shed a far beam. Because, also,

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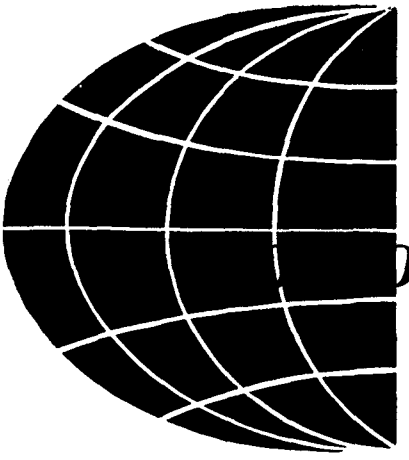

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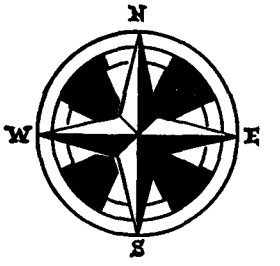

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Heffner usually chooses the kind of people who disagree constructively, thereby providing the kind of roughage desperately needed on a medium overlubricated with euphoria.

Wanted: An Anti-Semite

In his second program on homosexuality, a pediatrician and a psychiatrist showed marked differences in their approach to the subject, as would be expected from the directions of their respective training; the one emphasizing the constitutional, the other the psychological. In the anti-Semitism discussion, the argument that prejudice was an index of its holder's own insecurity was countered by the observation that plenty of anti-Semitic people are entirely at peace with themselves. Each of these approaches was elaborated upon, and if there is a criticism of "The Open Mind" and similar programs, it is that there is always so much more to say than time permits. One could also wish—in spite of recognizing a limit to network courage and public tolerance—that Mr. Heffner had gone even further. What the anti-Semitism argument needed badly was an anti-Semite; if it were possible, that is, to find anybody of stature and intelligence who would admit publicly to being one. The real test of a proper attitude is to confront it with an improper one.

It is in any case a credit to NBC that certain pressures attempting to muzzle the program were resisted, and a proof of public sanity that viewer reaction was almost wholly favorable. It seems clear that people want and can take far more than they get in the way of straight talk on explosive subjects.

Among the Loveless

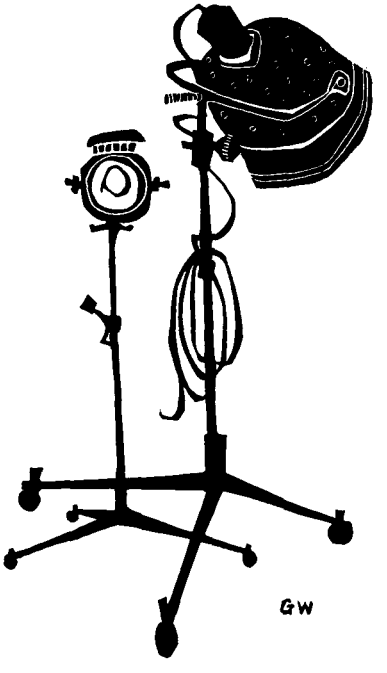
A man who has antedated Heffner in trying to give that to them is Bill Leonard of CBS Radio and TV. His "Eye on New York," a Sunday-morning program soon to be dropped, has been distinguished by honest reporting and wise concluding. Leonard is a showman, but his innate concern for human dignity has never permitted him to let the show wag the tale. The facts come first.

They certainly came first in one of his latest programs, shown on Sunday, October 21: a filmed study of the Wassaic School for the Mentally Retarded, accompanied by an extensive interview by Leonard of the New York State Mental Health Commissioner, Dr. Paul Hoch. The pictures—the first ever permitted of the inside of the state institution—were directed by Arthur Zegart, the documentary reporter who did such a remarkable job inside San Quentin in "The Search" series two years ago.

"Wassaic" is tough to take precisely because it is done with so great restraint, imagination, and compassion. It is tough to take not only because there are more scenes of horror than of hope but also because all confrontation with human misery of flesh or spirit leads to a deeply oppressive sense of collective guilt.

It is painful to see the grotesque staggers and stumbles of the defective, their bodies huddled on seats or hunched on the ground, their infantile grins, their shuffling, goalless feet. It is appalling to see the "disciplinary area" of the severely disturbed, where trussed bodies under heavy sedation crouch on shelves and utter nightmare sounds; and to harbor the terrible thought, Why keep them alive?

Yet beyond and above all this is the tangible care of the attendants, bearing a crushing load; the incredible kindness and patience of those who teach the retarded young the rudimentary patterns of living; the real atmosphere of love which selfless people somehow manage to bestow on the loveless.



A great many qualms, doubts, and obstacles, many of them understandable, confronted the production and showing of this picture. It would never have been shown had not Leonard and his station staff stood up against network opposition, and if they had not had the ardent and widespread support of the mothers of retarded children and the professionals responsible for their care.

A flood of letters pleaded for the film to be shown, partly on the grounds of helping to dissipate the stigma and concealment attending this common human problem, partly to impress on the public conscience the enormous need for trained personnel to cope with it.

"It is not a pretty picture and I have no doubt it will have a negative impact on some people," wrote one woman. "However, I do believe that your audience has a far greater number of people in it who are civilized and who will look upon these crippled children and see distressed human beings who need their help. This film mirrors the truth and in the interests of truth I hope your organization will render this public service."

How far can you go "in the interest of truth?" As far, I suppose, as the impact of reality, however distressing, can be constructive. If an exploration of racial prejudice merely emphasizes it, it serves no useful purpose; and if a film on retarded children inspires only dread and revulsion, its value is questionable. Certainly, to show human suffering and aberration merely because they exist is no more defensible than to show an operation for cancer merely because it takes place. If any of these exposures, however, can serve to remove distorted concepts or to encourage positive reactions, pain can act as a catharsis and compassion can supplant aversion.

This, I believe, is what has happened in "The Wassaic Story" and, to a much more limited degree, in "The Open Mind." They have mercifully stopped short of that line beyond which contemporary fiction has gone to its great detriment: the point where the presentation of "reality" is an end in itself, and a sordid end at that.

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Portrait of the Poet As a Painter

JAY JACOBS

THE EXHIBITION "Masters of British Painting 1800-1950," currently being held at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and later to be seen in St. Louis and San Francisco, covers a century and a half of carefully if somewhat arbitrarily selected work that constitutes the nearest thing England has achieved to a "golden age" of painting. It left me wondering why a nation that has produced so much great literature has always suffered such a paucity of painters of the first rank, and

whether the question doesn't perhaps embody its own answer; whether it is not *because* the English temperament has found literature—and especially poetry—its most perfect medium of expression that British painting has been so consistently second-rate.

The indigenous painter was rather a late starter in the British arts. By the time he got around to trying to do for himself what a motley of itinerant Dutchmen, Germans, and Italians had been doing for him, he found no real tradition of native painting behind him. British painting of the Middle Ages had been destroyed, so that just about the only acceptable examples of an English approach to nature were those set by the poets. It may have been at this point that British painting, groping for a touchstone with tradition unavailable in its own medium, fell under the spell of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare—and went completely astray.

Among the characteristics of literature (and, again, of poetry in particular) that differentiate it from painting is the fact that its dimensions are not delimited as are those of a canvas; space and time are as accessible as the writer cares to make them, while the painter is forced by restrictions inherent in his medium to confine himself to the unities of time, space, and situation—to paint only what is here, before the eye, and at this particular moment. Again, the written word creates its illusions by affecting—or seeming to affect—any or all of our senses, while the painting is directed only at the eye.

A third great difference between the arts is that literature does not circumscribe the imagination of the reader in the same way that pictures do that of the beholder. When the poet tells us to

> *. . . Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them*
> *Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth,*

we "see" whatever horses are best suited to our own most perfect rendering of the scene, and not a particular horse imagined for us by a particular painter who, no matter how great his ability, cannot supply us with quite as satisfactory an animal as even the least imaginative of us will find, for a given situation, in our own mind's eye.

Literature always demands a certain amount of creative effort from the reader, and this enforced collaboration has no analogy in painting. The nearest thing to it that painting offers is a process of breakdown and re-creation that the layman, however passionately he may be interested in pictures, is simply not equipped to handle.

Tygers, Burning and Otherwise

The fact that most British painters failed to take into account these differences between their own medium and that of the writers is, I think, one of the chief reasons for the generally mediocre level of their work. In the current exhibition two utterly dissimilar artists, neither of whom can be said to typify British painting, exemplify the dichotomy that has plagued it almost from its beginnings. Whatever the differences between William Blake and Dante Gabriel Rossetti may be, I think it will be generally agreed that each was a better poet than painter.

Just as, to use an obvious example, Blake's drawing of the Tyger—that ridiculous wee beastie straight out of a box of animal crackers—conveys nothing of the fearful symmetry of the beast in the poem as it stalks the mind's eye, so his more ambitious pictures fail to affect us anything like as intensely as his more visionary writing. The world Blake depicted in his verse and attempted to depict in his pictures was not found in a mirror held up to any nature external to his own. As A. E. Housman pointed out in *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, Blake's strongest appeal lay in an irrational attack, often devoid of coherent content, directed upon the emotions.

Blake's mysterious grandeur, Housman wrote, "would be less grand if it were less mysterious; if the embryo ideas which are all that it contains should endue form and outline, and suggestion condense itself into thought." In his pictures, Blake was at the mercy of a hostile me-

dium and had perforce to invest his visions with form and outline. Suggestion was condensed, if not always into thought, at least into something that could be immediately comprehended by the eye. The result was a lessening of the mysterious grandeur of his invention, and

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in works of art inferior to those he produced when working in his own element.

WHILE Rossetti was a naturally romantic and often magnificent poet, he was an affectedly romantic, invariably ludicrous painter presenting the bizarre spectacle of a maudlin sentimentalist diligently counting blades of grass somewhere deep in alien territory in a vainglorious search for truths and beauties left neglected in his own back yard. That he was utterly unaware that the picture is governed by its limits in time and space, while the poem is not, is indicated by the fact that much of his painting will not stand on its own pictorial merits (and this can be said of the Pre-Raphaelites generally) but depend for its effect on prior knowledge of the subject matter, or an exercise of the imagination—an act of creation—on the part of the viewer that a valid painting may permit but never demands. Rossetti's repeated dissatisfaction (whether conscious or not) with his pictures as self-contained entities can be deduced from the fact that he frequently felt compelled to write supplementary verses about them after the last brush stroke had been applied.

Dimension and Desire

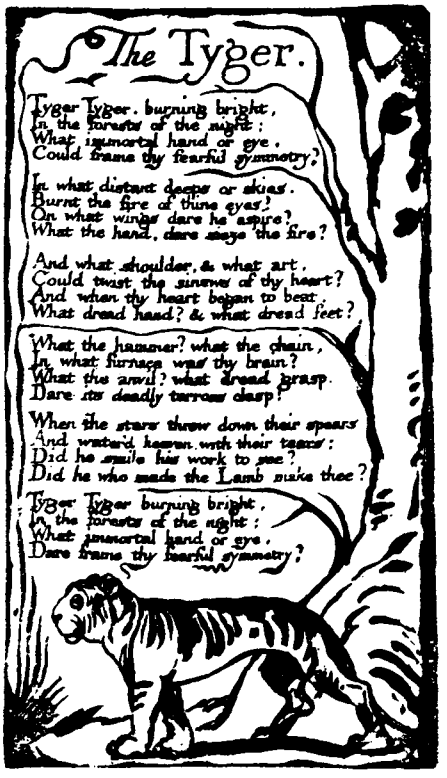
A literary preoccupation on the part of British painters is apparent, both during the time span covered by this exhibition and in earlier periods. The parallel between Hogarth and his country's novelists has often been drawn. By tying pictures together in connected sequences, like comic strips, he was trying, in his own way, to do what the present-day Francis Bacon is trying to do in his: to substitute "becoming" for "being," an illusion properly within the province of literature—or its pictorial stepchild, the movie. Rowlandson, who worked as much in the tradition of the satirical novelists as he did in any known school of painting, and Fuseli too, each seemed haunted by an inability fully to express ideas more suitable to the quill than the brush. The link between the moonstruck landscapes of John Crome and the "poetic" canvases of the American Ryder is an obvious one. William Morris, when he wasn't occupied with designs for chairs and wallpaper, was perpetually torn between painting and writing.

It is probably not accidental that the one branch of the graphic arts in which the English have excelled is the one that puts the slightest demand on pictorial talent and the greatest on literary insight: book illustration. Among the less obviously "literary" painters, there has always been a tendency to try to capture in two dimensions intangibles that are more suited to a multidimensional art.

When Keats gets off a line like

'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant eyed,

he appeals to all our five senses simultaneously and achieves effects the painter is just not equipped for. (It may be objected here that the


The Tyger.
Tyger Tyger. burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

painter does make an appeal to more than just the eye, that, for instance, his textural effects are tactile as well as visual. But in reality we no more feel textures by looking at them than we taste an unfamiliar fruit merely by seeing it.)

And when Keats says,

And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep . . .,

he is moving us about in time and space, in a way that the painter, again, is not equipped to follow because of the limitations of his medium.

Flora, Flora Everywhere . . .

It is an arguable point, and one that cannot be backed here without the use of pictorial examples, but I think one of the great weaknesses of British painting has been the persistent efforts of its practitioners to incorporate these poetic devices into their work. Instead of painting a glade, the Englishman tries somehow to make it a bee-loud glade, and in the attempt clutters his picture with a lot of gratuitous matter that hangs like a veil between the spectator and what he should be seeing.

This patchwork curtain, composed of vain attempts to make brooks babble, to fill summer eves with the murmurous haunts of flies, to festoon boughs with impalpable streamers of incense, and to imbue almost everything with the taste of Flora and the country green, is what has invested most British painting with its charm and its "poetry"—and what has deprived it of the force and the clarity and freshness of invention it needs if it is ever to be seriously considered by the same standards that we apply to the great art of the Continent.

THE ART of poetry has been defined as seeing one thing in terms of another. It could be used as a perfectly good definition of what the art of painting is not—at least outside the Orient, where an unusual alliance between the two arts, possibly the result of the pictographic nature of the written language, has always existed.

There is a story that Turner would shut himself up in a darkened room so that he could rush outdoors when the sun was setting in an attempt to see it unencumbered by other associations. Turner, whose work, along with a few notable canvases by Constable, makes the present exhibition one not to be missed, is the great exception to any generalizations about the work of British painters. He is the one painter England has produced of whom it can be unreservedly proud.

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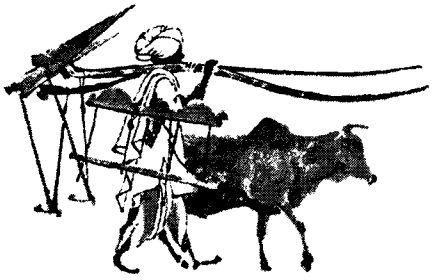
Understanding Pandit Nehru



CHRISTINE WESTON

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, by Frank Moraes. *Macmillan. $6.50.*

Frank Moraes's full-length biography of Jawaharlal Nehru is the most important study of the Indian Prime Minister that we have had since the publication in 1941 of the latter's autobiography, *Toward Freedom.*

Mr. Moraes is the editor of India's major daily newspaper, the *Times of India.* His book is a continuously interesting and at times a moving and exciting story of the long struggle of the Indian people for freedom from colonial rule that began with the Indian National Congress in 1885 and ended with the tragedy and triumph of partition and independence in August, 1947.

The story has long needed telling—or at least recapitulating, since some of us are already familiar with it through the writings of Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi. But Mr. Moraes's comprehensive—and comprehending—version should be of special interest to those Americans who find themselves increasingly baffled by what they consider inexcusable political ambiguity on the part of Indians generally and their highly articulate Prime Minister in particular.

By describing India's struggle for the attainment of ideals not too different from what we ourselves take for granted—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—Mr. Moraes thins out the jungle of misunderstanding that has grown up between Indians and Americans.

PARLIAMENTARY MINUTES, political debates, and statistical tables do not of themselves make for light reading, but carefully selected excerpts give a pretty good idea of what the democratic dream has meant to a repressed, impoverished, largely illiterate, and politically backward society that is trying to reach, seize, and translate it into the substance of everyday life.

With the passing of British rule, India could have gone the way of China or lapsed into chaos. That it did neither, that despite appalling odds its leaders never succumbed to the easy out of a totalitarian solution, is a shining truth which some of us are altogether too ready to ignore.

The early struggle was a consistently heroic and agonizing one during which leaders and people suffered together—suffered indignity, beating, jail, even death. Mr. Moraes has done us a great service in recalling the human side of that struggle—the tearing apart of husbands and wives, of parents, children, friends; the personal deprivation, anxiety, and heartbreak—a poignant experience too often dulled in the cliché of latter-day rhetoric.

All this belongs on the credit side of Mr. Moraes's book, together with his thoughtful analysis of Nehru's vision of India as a secular state in which men and women of every faith can live in amity, side by side in the larger framework of a welfare state in the socialistic pattern for which, so far as India is concerned, Nehru can see no practical alternative.

Freedom and Fragmentation

The first, heroic phase ended with the attainment of independence in August, 1947, and its bitter concomitant of partition and the mass deracination of millions of Indians—Hindu, Moslem, and Sikh. It is at this point that Mr. Moraes's story suffers, I believe, through a tendency to gloss over the role played by Indian leaders during and immediately after the period of partition, whereas he does not hesitate to blame the British and Jinnah for their share in the debacle. The truth is, all three were to blame—the British, who after a century of experience in ruling the country must have foreseen what was in store; Hindus and Moslems for even better and more intimate reasons. In Calcutta and elsewhere the country had already been given a dose of "Direct Action" along Jinnah's lines, and this apparently stampeded Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, and Mountbatten into a hasty surrender to the demands of the Moslem League for Pakistan at any price, regardless, so it was to appear in the bloody aftermath, of what that price would mean to more than ten million hapless human beings.

Likewise, while Mr. Moraes makes out a good case for Nehru's handling of the ticklish Hyderabad dispute, and, more recently, his restraint in the Goa imbroglio, he obviously feels embarrassed in dealing with the Kashmir affair, in which Nehru, after promising the Kashmiris a plebiscite to decide their future, continues to renege on his word for reasons that have never been clearly and honestly set forth.

NEHRU the politician, the man of action, is a familiar enough figure, but Nehru the man continues to elude us. This is especially puzzling since what has always made these Indian leaders unique is their accessibility—an accessibility to high and low, rich and poor, important and obscure.

Nehru's very accessibility seems to add to the mystery of his personality. For all his professed love of the masses, he gives the impression of being fundamentally a lonely and sequestered soul. This loneliness in Nehru has been elevated to a kind of kingly attribute. That he is sensitive and courageous there can be no doubt, but the compulsion under which certain of his apologists labor to make him out the loneliest and most complex of men is unconvincing. Nothing in his writing—and he has written prodigiously—in his conversation, or in his actions points to his being so any more or less than other public figures of our time.

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THE ART OF SUCCESS, by the Editors of *Fortune. Lippincott. $5.*

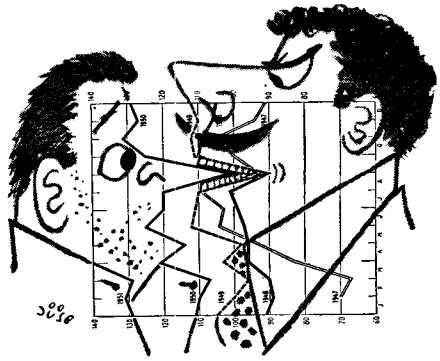
When it comes to knowing and appreciating the chieftains of great private enterprise, the editors of *Fortune* differ from President Eisenhower. The President's way is one of all-out enthusiasm: When a questioner at a TV "Citizens' Press Conference" during the campaign raised the subject of the number of millionaires in his Cabinet, he shot right back, "Who would you rather have in charge of [the Defense Department] . . . some failure that never did anything or a successful businessman?"

THE AWE with which Mr. Eisenhower tends to view men of great corporate affairs ("I got the head of the biggest company I could go to, General Motors, and said, 'Will you come in and do this for us?' ") may be explainable in part as that of an outsider who has never been in business himself. The editors of *Fortune,* on the other hand, are not outsiders. They pride themselves, moreover, on not being uncritical. They know. They have studied just what goes into the making of a success, and the hazards, headaches, and hairbreadth escapes that accompany it.

They like to approach corporation presidents with a sociological scalpel, keen on discovering what makes them tick and their vice-presidents jump. Within the last ten weeks they have given us two books made up of their own articles on the business scene: *The Executive Life,* an occupational survey of the new breed of American corporate managers, and *The Art of Success,* a package of biographies of seventeen contemporaries who have reached the business summit. Taken together, these collections of *Fortune's* delvings provide a unique corpus of low-down on life and labor at the entrepreneurial top.

The Managers

The Executive Life examines our managers under such plain-spoken headings as how they get their jobs, how hard they work, how they get promoted, how they make decisions, and how they crack up or get fired. In the first place, who are the executives? By no means everybody who wears the title of a business executive actually is one, if by an executive you mean a person who helps to shape company policy and makes



major decisions. Here we come up against the first of many instances in American business life today of how things are not always what they seem. One may think of it as a life that stands in sharp contrast to the government world of hierarchic ranks and titles. And yet businessmen themselves are now among the greatest bestowers and worshipers of titles in history.

There are, for example, the hordes of company employees who wear the mantle of "junior executive"—a class which one wit has defined as embracing "anyone in a large general office who works sitting down." There are companies, says *Fortune,* that automatically include anyone earning a salary as low as $10,000 a year on the "executive payroll," although only very few of these are admitted to such signs and symbols of actual inner-circle power as the

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executive dining room and membership in the Executive Committee.

Even the title of vice-president—once a sure indication that its holder was a company mover and shaker directly next to the top and therefore a real executive—is now being so widely bestowed as often to be little more than honorific. One newly appointed V.P. in a major food corporation, when asked what his promotion had meant to him, replied that it chiefly meant getting a key to the executive washroom. The Bank of America has 146 vice-presidents, while the Chase Manhattant of New York gets by with 119. There are now also various classes of vice-presidents, ranging from "senior" and "executive" down through "administrative," "second," "third," "field," and "regional" to "assistant" in Byzantine profusion. (Similarly, on successful magazines there are now many classes of editors, ranging in *Fortune's* own case from Editor-in-chief Henry R. Luce through a president, a managing editor, three assistant managing editors, eleven full editors, seventeen associate editors, an art director, two assistant art directors, one art layout director, to twenty-four "Research Associates" and eight others simply called "Art Staff.")

Some corporation presidents hand out vice-presidencies in lieu of salary raises, reminding one somewhat of the parsimonious old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which overcame an agitation among its letter carriers for higher pay by rewarding its veteran *Briefträger* with the resounding but otherwise empty title of *Herr Oberbriefträger*. Other business chieftains like to surround themselves with a large retinue of V.P.s chiefly in order to flatter their own egos—at least so says *Fortune*. Still others, particularly in the advertising industry, also like to flatter their clients' egos by showing them that the account executive with whom they are dealing is also a V.P. The New York agency of McCann-Erickson has no less than eighty-four vice-presidents—one for each twenty-seven employees. The annual net profit to McCann-Erickson per vice-president is a mere $19,000.

"A vice-president in an advertising agency," remarks another authority on this field of enterprise cit-

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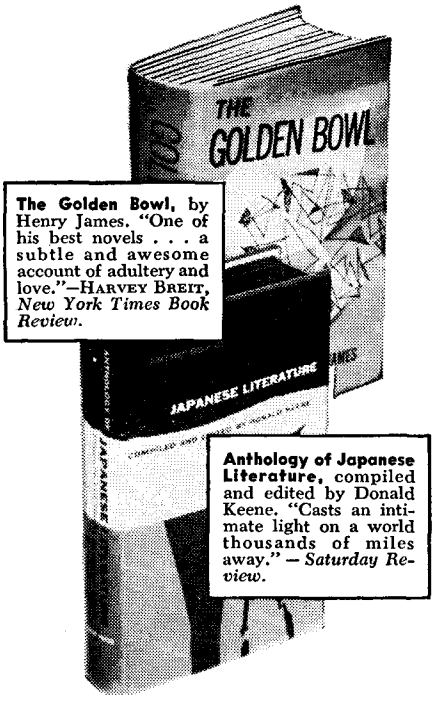
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ed by *Fortune,* "is a 'molehill man.' A molehill man is a pseudo-busy executive who comes to work at 9 A.M. and finds a molehill on his desk. He has until 5 P.M. to make this molehill into a mountain. An accomplished molehill man will often have his mountain finished even before lunch."

The Free-Loaders

Many holders of vice-presidential office will no doubt deny that there is any truth in this observation, which stems from the late Fred Allen. But there seems to be no denying that a company vice-presidency isn't what it used to be. A law of diminishing returns is operating on it. Once it was the heir apparent's stepping stone to the very peak; today, with the institutionalizing of business and the crowding and diluting of its ranks, it is often merely a road to an increased expense account.

Someone soon should do a study of the expense-account economy—this enclosed and somewhat apart way of life inside the upper reaches of the business community in which men go on for years eating lunch on the company, drinking on the company, taking guests to see *My Fair Lady* in the fifth row center on the company, attending conventions and weekend retreats at the company's North Woods hunting lodge on the company (using, on the way, the company's aircraft), and rarely themselves having to pay out more than the hat-check girl's tip. It is a curiously abstract kind of existence, far removed from the ordinary pay-as-you-go profit-and-loss system known to the rest of us. Its basis lies in the high taxes that have eroded executives' take-home pay and therefore made them turn to substitutes and perquisites, even at the risk of seeing themselves in their home mirrors as perennial free-loaders on their company's largess.

ALTHOUGH *Fortune* avoids drawing the conclusions to which its own observations would appear to lead, the more you look at the big corporation's executive life today, with its hierarchy, its orders of precedence, its system of perquisites to simulate actual gain, as well as its eruption of committees, co-ordinators, and planning boards, the more it seems to be taking on the attributes and devices of its classic foe, Big Government. The notion sold to some people a decade and a half ago of a managerial revolution that would see big, bold business leaders on horseback taking over has fast given way before a kind of counter-revolution in the direction of a status society right inside business even at the time of greatest expansion—an 18th Brumaire of the managers, so to speak.

In multiplying its membership, the executive life has both democratized and stratified itself. In one Chicago bank, an executive of junior rank now gets a secretary, but she is called "stenographer," while a cashier gets a full "secretary," and a vice-president a "senior secretary"—very much as in the case of the Federal bureaucracy, where the rank of your assistant, the color and the thickness of your office carpet, and even the size of your ashtray are all graded so as to reflect your standing. In many corporations the wives of senior executives now brief those of their juniors on how to behave so as to reflect credit on the company, just as an American Ambassador's wife at a foreign post is likely to brief the wives of the First Secretaries on the rules about calling cards and the right kind of hats to wear at official teas.

The Spartans

Since an air of unreality surrounds the take-home winnings that used to be regarded as the primary aim of businessmen, what then is real? A company vice-president making, say, $35,000 a year, *Fortune* tells us, finds little consolation in the fact that the V.P. next above him, at $37,000, manages to take home only $892 more after taxes than he himself does. One concludes that what counts is status, or face. Salary, even when you can't take it with you, is an index of rank. And when you climb to the height of $100,000, at which the difference in actual earnings between you and the next higher man at $110,000 becomes academic, you still find yourself bent on getting his job.

"At a certain point I stopped thinking about money," high-paid executives are sometimes heard to

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say, and there is truth in the remark. They had to: Having reached the ninety-two per cent income-tax bracket, money just got dammed up. Even a $110,000 salary, after taxes, won't buy you the glittering yacht that used to be the most distinctive symbol of those who had arrived. Nor will even $500,000 a year bring you a fifty-room marble mansion in Newport like those inhabited by the titans of our grandfathers' day—assuming that you might want a mansion in Newport.

By 1900 standards, in fact, the lives and dwellings of our great corporate chieftains today are almost Spartan. Harlowe Curtice, the successor to Mr. Wilson in the highest-salaried job of all, that of president of the General Motors Corporation ($750,000 annually, including stock participation and bonuses), quarters his family in middle-class surroundings in Flint, we are told, and rarely gets home except on weekends, being usually detained at the Detroit headquarters of the corporation, which provides him with a hotel-like duty suite atop its building there. His total take-home reward, *Fortune's* editors further reveal with the precision about private affairs for which they are renowned, is only a little more than $100,000 a year—which left Mr. Curtice in the situation of having to borrow money when the rights to subscribe to new GM stock came up recently. Mr. Curtice "is not very liquid at the moment," *Fortune* admits of America's No. 1 corporate executive—a statement worth attention both in Moscow and in the White House.

With such anxieties awaiting you even at the topmost corporate rung, why seek to climb that far? Could it be there is a fear that if you don't you will be marked down as one who fell short because he didn't even try to be a Curtice or a Wilson—in short, a "failure" in the eyes of the White House, your wife, your friends, and even your "senior secretary?"

End of the Trail

Animal fear itself—that is, the gnawing terror of being thrown out of a job—is no longer the incentive to executive ambition it once was, say many veterans, pointing at the emphasis that corporations place in our day on security. Today, again follow-

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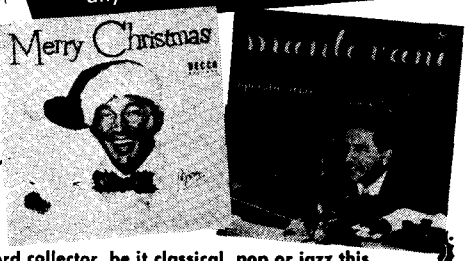

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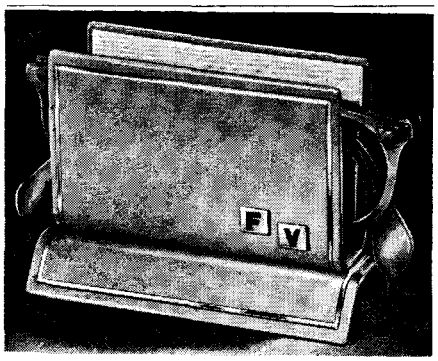

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ing the lead set by government—and what is more, by the archenemy, New Deal government—the enlightened company takes care of its own. Too well, say some crusty stockholders when they examine the scale of bonuses, stock-sharing schemes, company-paid insurance, and pension plans that are designed to enable executives to retire on comfortable incomes for the rest of their lives. So one good reason for pushing upward may be not so much what you may actually expect to receive while you are in the company's active service as the prospect of the relaxed pensioner's life you may lead in Santa Barbara or on Hobe Sound afterward. This still makes for initiative, although perhaps not quite of the kind the risk-capital adventurers who founded our great aggregations had in mind when they assumed that the managers who followed in their train would be as daring and adventurous as they were.

Whatever the incentive, though, the strain of making your executive way upward is terrific. Many of us had suspected this. Now *Fortune* confirms it. Several years ago, in a volume called *Is Anybody Listening?*, it painted a shattering portrait of its effects on the executive wife. The wife, although rewarded with Buicks and ultimately Cadillacs, has to plunge herself into a closed company world in which she must conform to her betters' wives, must dress, play bridge, and voice opinions in the proper brackets, and then must try somehow to conduct a sane family existence within the budget while her husband rises higher and higher into the dreamy empyrean of the expense account.

Fortune's analysts of the business psyche report that the husband, too, is prone to suffer from increasing frustrations and ailments as he rides the whirligig and reaches for the brass ring. What strikes the reviewer is that the worst of these may occur when he actually gets the brass ring—not when he misses it. Here, again, the higher corporate life follows its own behavior patterns. The editors have identified something they call "promotion neurosis," which apparently seizes an executive only when he at last comes into his kingdom. It is "generally characterized by a great anxiety, psychosomatic symptoms, and emotional conflict." What appears to make it more destructive is that it often occurs during what *Fortune* relentlessly describes as the "male menopause"—a climacteric extending roughly from man's forty-fifth to sixtieth year and therefore coinciding with the peak expectancies of the executive life.

The victim of "promotion neurosis," while outwardly playing the part of a corporate Man of Distinction and regularly addressing Chamber of Commerce luncheons on the splendors of the American Way, is inwardly haunted by doubt and obsessions of inadequacy.

Soon, in the course of events, the time comes to shelve or fire him. In Hollywood, unfortunate executives are sometimes booted out of their jobs by the simple device of removing their name from their door overnight. But great established corporations cannot afford such brashness. Here the onus of having raised the man in the first place through the grades to his present eminence is recognized as resting on management itself—which therefore finds itself embarrassed as to how to get out from under. In government this dilemma is generally solved by the expedient of never firing anyone, unless an appropriations slash or investigation comes along. Here great enterprise does differ from government. It does dismiss, even at the highest level. But it does so with an elegance and indirection so great that sometimes the victim does not even know that he has been given the boot until his discerning wife or a confidential colleague tells him that it looks as if he'd had it.

The Executive Life presents a whole catalogue of the subtler techniques of liquidation now used in the best American managerial circles, from "the gradual freeze-out" and "the bypass" to "the 'unavailable' treatment," under which "A top executive can simply keep postponing a meeting requested by a disfavored subordinate. Or the latter may write a memorandum on some subject and then be told repeatedly that the boss 'hasn't got around to reading it.'" Eventually he is supposed to get the hint. Sheer artifice, in a realm dedicated to plain dealing, could hardly go further.

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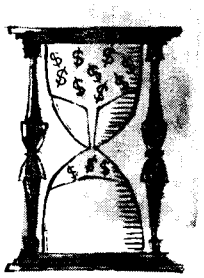
Small wonder, then, that amid such conditions—so one concludes from the stark revelations of Mr. Luce's experts—a certain number of men of strong executive potentialities decide not to become corporation officers after all, even at the risk of becoming failures, and to strike out on their own. *Fortune's* discussion of success does not extend to those who perversely have become surgeons or explorers or lepidopterists, or even government servants. But in its second volume, *The Art of Success*, it does present, amid "must" stories of the Harlowe Curtices, a contrasting, admiring group portrait of men who kicked over the traces and tried to strike for the main chance by themselves.

There are "Ed" Ball, an "epic fighter," as the editors call him, who within a decade has made many millions out of Florida land, timber,



and hotels; "Clint" Murchison, an expansive Texan who in a short lifetime has built up a $300-million personal empire in oil, gas, ranching, and myriad other ventures and keeps a seventy-five-thousand-acre ranch in Mexico for his recreation; "Charlie" Daniel, a construction wizard who garners fees as high as $500,000 for building industrial plants in his fief of South Carolina; Norton Simon, who at forty-nine, starting from nothing, has amassed a family stake of $35 million in West Coast canneries, timber, insurance, chain stores, and railroads, and who has acquired the reputation, because of his price-slashing tactics against older competitors, of being "the most unpopular business man in California."

There is John Galbreath, the ebullient realty operator who put up the vast new Socony Building in New York, owns the major part of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and keeps a stable of well over a million dollars' worth of brood mares on his two-thousand-acre Ohio showplace. There is John Elsbach, a colorful Los Angeles land broker whom *Fortune* describes as "A determined renegade from genteel society," who prefers the company of headwaiters to that of big executives, wears outrageous clothes, and generally tries to shock the community. His originality first showed itself at the age of ten when he entered a San Francisco *Chronicle* subscription contest and won not one but two grand pianos. Today, even though he has earned fees as high as $1,126,000 for single transactions, he doesn't bother to keep an office or even a secretary—let alone a "senior secretary."

These Eds, Clints, Charlies, and Johns, as *The Art of Success* refers to them with the intimacy of true adventure, look like nonconformists, the biological sports who break away from the standard executive type today. They are "big thinkers" all, the book's introduction says—meaning men who "think big" about their role. However they think, they at least act big, and, with their ranches, racing stables, ball clubs, and private lakes, they appear to be enjoying themselves hugely—a good deal more, in fact, than the hard-pressed title bearers of great corporations.

Perhaps it is this unfettered, colorful breed, still living more by daring than by the committee system, and more off their capital gains than off their expense accounts, that President Eisenhower—a non-corporation man himself—really has in mind when he glows at the thought of peak business success. And there isn't, so far as reported, one case of "promotion neurosis" among them.

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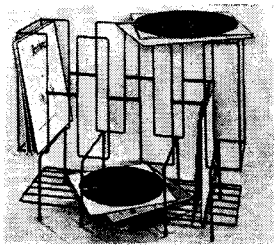

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Book Notes

GALLIPOLI, by Alan Moorehead. *Harper. $4.50.*

Gallipoli was an epic of agony like Verdun, with more of the usual share of human folly at the top. If the western Allies of 1915 had firmly seized the opportunity of forcing the Dardanelles and so reopening their torn lifeline to Russia, thinks Mr. Moorehead, the whole course of the war might have been changed and innumerable further sufferings averted. As it turned out, all that Gallipoli proved was the bravery of the 250,000 men who died there within the space of a few miles of rugged coast. That and the fact that some generals and admirals had blundered.

Mr. Moorehead does not give us simply another history of carnage along with a critique of why Gallipoli was not the right way to mount an amphibious assault. His is a story about extraordinary grace and confusion under savage pressure. It has the advantage of being written from a middle distance, when bitterness has become blurred but memories not quite forgotten, and by a man whose awareness of high drama is warmed by compassion. The sense of some new Homeric destiny that seized young British officers as they steamed toward the Troad and the Hellespont, the incredible machine-made slaughter among the wild thyme and artifacts of the ancient landscape, the unreality of life and ease of death along that barren promontory while Cabinets bungled back in London, the ferocity and the gleams of mercy—all are here, in almost a classic design.

And the author, who not only records but can write and imagine, is fully attuned to the classic and symbolic overtones of his story. Herodotus and Thucydides are evidently vivid in his mind. The writing of history—even military history—has tended to become a collective science in our day, with whole committees of researchers working to include every detail and miss no possible footnote, with the result that the only thing missed is the old knowledge that a history is first and foremost a work of art. This Mr. Moorehead, who stems from a great tradition of English writers from Gibbon to Churchill, has not forgotten. He is at home in eminent company.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING, by Wallace Stegner. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

Here are seven stories and a short novel by one of the three or four most skillful practitioners of the art of short fiction at work in this country today. Mr. Stegner writes a lot about death, and not the final, immutable death of people only, but the loss of passions and moments of choice in the full vigor and confusion of life itself. Toward the end of one story there are these words: ". . . it did him no good to remind himself that no one could turn in any direction without turning his back on something." Even if we can congratulate ourselves on having made the best choice, the most sensible one, sometimes we must go on grieving for the road not taken.

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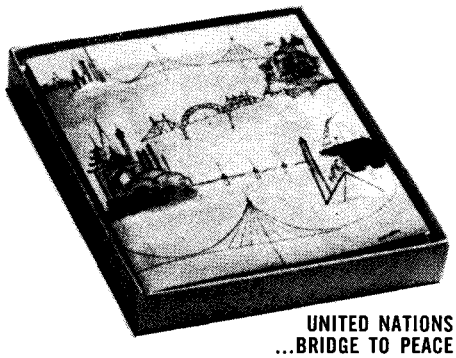

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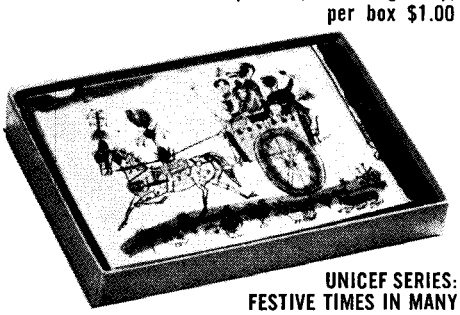

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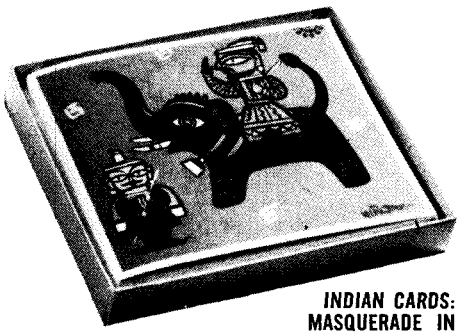

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